A Pilgrim's Thoughts

FITHIAN

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A PILGRIM'S THOUGHTS

BY

I. N. FITHIAN

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GREETING.

To the world: I send herewith my songs and poems, hoping they will be received in the spirit in which they are written. They are simple songs for the common folk, in common walks of life. I have had my share in the struggles of life, and hope all will find something in this volume to help along. It is a pleasure to lend a helping hand.

If this volume meets my expectations more will follow. I have enough written to make nine or ten volumes. If this volume should cross your path, I would be glad to know what you think of it; a card or letter directed to me might be a great help to me in future efforts.

Give it a fair show at least. I have written some of these verses in tears, and some with pleasure. Knowing all need the helping hand, here is mine. Where is yours?

I. N. FITHIAN.

Grove City, Pa., July 22, 1913.

Readers wishing the next and next volumes, kindly send in orders to my address, and I will file them, and notify you when they are ready.

I. N. F.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Let the Wild Winds Blow,	11
A Hungry Heart Cries for Song	12
My Shadow,	13
A Confidential Letter,	14
List'ning to the Cricket,	15
One Hazy Day,	16
Our Flag,	17
My Own Land Forever,	18
The Ego,	19
"Punkin" Pie,	20
Where Are the Children?	21
Give Me the Wings,	22
They're Gone,	23
Come, My Beloved,	24
Summer's Coming,	25
Lord, Why Is It So?	26
If You Would Win,	27
The Good Old Summer,	28
A Man Wanted,	29
A Sleepy Dream,	30
If You're Going to Win,	31
Am I a Dreamer?	32
Spirits of the Night,	33
Nearer to Thee,	34
Wind Up the Clock,	35
Come Where Glory Waits You,	36
Oh, I Would Be!	37
Maiden, Listen,	38
Sunlight,	39
Who Touched Me?	40
My Best Girl,	41

PAGE.

I Saw Him Courting,..... 42
All Nature Calls,..... 43
Rich and Rare, ... 44
Touch My Lips,..... 45
A Slave to Hate,..... 46
I Will Be Free,..... 47
The Good and the Bad,..... 48
Alice, ... 49
Now I Lay Me,..... 50
Tell Me Thy Secrets,..... 51
Abide Till Eventide,..... 52
Drive Demon Hate,..... 53
Echoes of Old Home,..... 54
Fighting Rum,..... 55
Queer People,..... 56
Doucher's Baby,..... 58
Turn Back, Ye Years,..... 59
All Ready in the Morning,..... 60
The Griefs of Earth,..... 61
I'll Sing My Song,..... 62
My Bugle, ... 63
I'm Lost! I'm Lost!..... 64
Live and Be Gay,..... 65
There Are Heavy Loads,..... 66
I'm Growing Old,..... 67
I Built Me a Home,..... 68
Oh, Dreamer, Wake!..... 69
Old Timers Meet, ... 70
I Wander Here,..... 71
On Jordan's Banks,..... 72
The Mills That Grind,..... 73
How Strange Is Life,..... 74
Blind Man's Sight,..... 75
God Bless My Dad!..... 76
Sweet Dreamland, ... 77

PAGE.
You Need Not Ask Me,..... 78
I Gaze on the Hills,..... 79
The Power to See,..... 80
In Mother Dust,..... 81
I Bowed Jenny Home,..... 82
The World Rolls On,..... 83
My Dreams Today,..... 84
Hail the New Year,..... 85
The King Will Come!..... 86
There Are Joyful Voices,..... 87
Days Go Past,..... 88
Sad Are the Cries,..... 89
I Wish I Was Young,..... 90
Herod, ... 91
Hear, Oh Heavens! 92
Ye Stars of Light,..... 93
I'll Tell My Tale,..... 94
There Was a Boy,..... 95
The Thorn Tree,..... 96
The Night at Rest,..... 97
Warm, Hazy Day,..... 98
Hail Our King, the Humble Man,..... 99
In Saner Moments,..... 100
The Trees,..... 101
Be Gentle, Waters,..... 102
Take My Hand,..... 103
The King Will Come,..... 104
When Life Is Done,..... 105
Oh, What a Sweet Secret,..... 106
Out on the Hills,..... 107
A Little Fellow,..... 108
Poor Me,..... 109
All Our Ways,..... 110
I Dream the Days Away,..... 111
If We Were Not So Blind,..... 112

PAGE.

Summer Day's Coming Soon,..... 113
A Storm Came Down,..... 114
United Let Us Sing,..... 115
April Snow,..... 116
Swell, Swell, Ye Winds,..... 117
Blest Be the Day We Met,..... 118
Mother's Prayer,..... 119
The Bumble Bee,..... 120
Guide My Pen,..... 121
On to Battle,..... 122
Love Is Coy,..... 123
Graduates, ... 124
The Birth of Song,..... 125
I Was Hungry,..... 127
Old March,..... 128
The Days Have Come,..... 129
On Distant Hills,..... 130
My Feeble Way,..... 131
Where the Sea Dogs Howl,..... 132
Some Time, Some Time,..... 133
His Work in Galilee,..... 134
The Holy City,..... 135
The Bonds, ... 136
When Love First Taught,..... 137
Why Should We?..... 138
A Girl Who Went Fishing,..... 139
A Struggle for Home,..... 141
I'll Travel On,..... 142
Hang On, ... 143
So Many Laughs,..... 144
Silas C. Swallow, Prohibition Candidate,..... 145
Bubbles, ... 146
Communion Day, ... 148
Freedom Woke, ... 149
Little Lad With Soft Blue Eyes,..... 150

PAGE.
The Common Herd,..... 151
The Ship That Sailed,..... 152
Long Is the Lane,..... 153
A Mother's Cry,..... 154
The Land Beyond,..... 155
The Hand That Builds,..... 156
Isn't It Funny,..... 157
Two Travelers,..... 158
Raining, ... 159
When Night Is On,..... 160
Charity Dance,..... 161
My First Love,..... 162
When I'm Asleep,..... 163
What Without the Children,..... 164
Wake from Thy Sleep,..... 165
The Doctor,..... 166
Treasures of the Oak,..... 167
Some Time,..... 168
How Many Little Children,..... 169
Come, Kiss Me, Love,..... 170
When the Sun Sinks Low,..... 171
When Waves Are Beating,..... 172
Eden's Fruits Have Withered,..... 173
The Teetotaler's Song,..... 174
Lead Me On,..... 175
Out in the Woods,..... 176
Farewell, May!..... 177
Oh, Years,..... 178
Immortality, ... 179
Commune with Angels,..... 180
Laughter, ... 181
Oh, Press Me Not,..... 182
Why Should a Boy a-Fishing Go?..... 183
Wings of Flight,..... 184
July Weather, ... 185

PAGE.

Back to Childhood,..... 186
God Gives Life,..... 187
Would You Bloom?..... 188
Insomnia, ... 189
Go Hunt the World,..... 190
A Vision, ... 191
Friendship, ... 192
The Sea, ... 193
A Pilgrim Here,..... 194
Did the Stars Sing?..... 195
The Dreams of Life,..... 196
Woman's Weapon, ... 197
Big I, ... 198
The Man of Jokes,..... 199
A Boy With Breeches,..... 200
My Steed of Steel,..... 201
My Happiness Is Ended,..... 202
Lone and Desolate, ... 203
I'm Blind, ... 204
Old October, ... 205
Whisperings in the Air,..... 206
I Deem It Joy,..... 207
What a Wonder Is a Baby,..... 208
My Summer Days,..... 209
Drift We Long,..... 210
When Summer Comes,..... 211
Old Ledger,..... 212
I Laugh, ... 213
A Hundred Years from Now,..... 214
Where the Shadows Are Creeping,..... 215
Broken Friendship,..... 216
I Went to the Hills,..... 217
Give Me, ... 218
A Sweet Thought, ... 219
Declining Day, ... 220

A PILGRIM'S THOUGHTS.

LET THE WILD WINDS BLOW.

Let the wild winds blow and soft fall the snow
O'er the grave where I sleep my last sleep.
The slow years will pass as grows the green grass,
Some loved one my vigil will keep.

Forgotten I'll lie beneath the blue sky;
My name will be mentioned no more.
The rivers deep flow as onward they go
Till they strike on eternity's shore.

Though ages may go, still sleeping below
I am lost to sight of all men.
My friends and my name, my joys and my shame,
Will never be talked of again.

Let the soft wind blow, speak gentle and low,
When I sleep in silence and death.
Let the sad years pass, awave be the grass,
As touched by a zephyr's warm breath.

Forgotten my bed, asleep with the dead,
My name will be mentioned no more.
The sad years will go, I reap what I sow,
And I'll travel this way nevermore.

Oh, why should I fret now over the debt
Which mercy has paid full and free!
I mumble my prayer, I shed my last tear.
May I wake at the last jubilee!

He giveth me rest, for now I am blest,
With the friends I still love so dear.
The Great One will come when my sleeping is done,
And wake me to the Land of Good Cheer.

A HUNGRY HEART CRIES FOR SONG.

I cry to the heavens, I cry to the earth,
Oh! give me a song that's worthy of birth.
My crying is useless, my crying is vain,
The standards of music I cannot attain!

Though skies be my banners, earth and the seas
Should wake me to song that would thrill all and please.
The broad sweep of valleys, the lifting of hills,
The murmurs of rivers, the singing of rills.

The mountains of grandeur, they rise and they rise,
Like giants uplifted they're combing the skies
On their majesty and beauty I look and I see,
But can't fathom the ocean or sing like the sea.

Wonderful! Wonderful! is mountain and sea!
They laugh at my struggles, and smile back at me.
I pray them, I plead them, their secrets to tell,
They laugh at my pleadings, perhaps 'tis as well.

Oh, why should they listen to mortals like me,
That would question the oceans or plead to the sea?
I would listen and listen all secrets to know,
To attain all knowledge, where wouldn't I go?

The songs of old nature will never be sung.
'Twould melt up my pen, 'twould paralyze my tongue.
The songs of poor mortals will never subdue
The wonders God holdeth so plain to our view.

The song of all songs still remaineth unsung.
Its metre is mute, it stirs not the tongue.
So I'm mute, I'm silent 'mid splendors sublime,
While the song of the ages will never be mine!

MY SHADOW.

My shadow is waiting, it's talking to me.
Wherever I go it walketh with me;
With all of my hasting, it cleaveth to me;
When I would shake it, it clingeth to me.

Through day and through night it is with me still,
It will not be shaken, do as I will.
I leap and run, I stop and stand still,
I turn and twist with cunning and skill.

My shadow is there, and mocketh at me;
Wherever I turn that shadow I see.
As close as a brother it sticketh to me,
And from its persistence I never am free.

I am its victim, I give up in despair!
It seemeth to me to never play fair.
I'm willing to meet it, and live on the square,
But I'm beaten, confounded, plunged in despair.

For my shadow is there, and there it will stay,
No power have I to drive it away.
Now close as a lover it sticketh to me.
Oh, will I, poor mortal, ever be free!

Like the gallows-slave, the chain I can't break;
It's ever with me, asleep or awake.
It's part of my dream, and full of my days;
It is deaf and it's dumb, all silent it stays.

But what most confounds me—it always is there,
Impish, confounding, it never plays fair!
But silent, pursuing, 'twill leave me never,
So down with the light, I'll stay in darkness forever.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

Dear love, I'm busy as can be—
I'm making hay.
The sun is getting very hot,
And it's no play.
But still I often think of you—
It lights my load.
It muscles up my arms so spry—
To pitch the load.

A bumble-bee got in my hat—
Sat on my head.
And sent its spear clean through my skull—
And misery spread.
I fought him off as best I could—
They don't fight fair.
A dozen came at me at once—
Mussed up my hair.

I need not tell just what I said—
'Twould make one mad;
But, darn the lusty bumblebee—
That's not so bad!
The other fellows laughed at me—
It made me sad.
Till some came round to visit them—
Then I was glad!

My head is very sore today—
And on a swell.
It aches and aches so miserably—
I dream of hell.
My love to you, and this is all—
Shun bumblebees;
For if near a hive you ever tread,
To you they'll freeze.

LIST'NING TO THE CRICKET.

I am list'ning to the cricket
Singing its evening song,
Thinking of the days of old,
That are forever gone.
'Tis a sad and lonely requiem
In this lone world of strife.
I'm coming ere the flight of years
Dear friends, now lost to sight.

Their singing seems a part of me—
Part of the fire's blaze.
I seem to hear my mother's voice
As in the "Ye olden days."
Fair children crowd the old hearth-stone,
From daily toils they come,
And join with me in homing joys
When weary task is done.

The low, sweet song of evening hymn,
And the soft voice of prayer,
Amid these heavy toils of life—
I oft wish I was there.
To see and hear those loving ones
Who made home life so sweet;
But we are sadly scattered now!
I can but hope and weep.

ONE HAZY DAY.

One hazy day I saw a miss
Trying to wash a dirty dish.
I took the dishrag from her hand
To show her how it's done by man.
Take up the dish and rub it round,
Then rub it up and rub it down,
Rub up and down till it is clean,
Set it up with a little lean.

Now, treat the rest all the same way,
Till all are clean and put away;
Then throw the water from the pan,
But wipe it as dry as you can.
Have hot, hot water; have a care!
Look out for scalds; your hands are bare.
Both hands and dishes now are dry,
They're pleasing to our winking eye.

Now, dishes ready for the shelves,
But have no power to range themselves.
Just manage them as best you can
Just like you do a poor old man.
Wring out the rag and take a rest,
I'm sure you've done your level best
For all are clean from head to toe
And sitting in a proper row.

OUR FLAG.

There's one flag forever—
The flag of the free.
It's spreading its folds now
From sea unto sea.
Its stripes like the rainbow
A-shine in the sky;
Flung out to the breezes,
How glad to the eye!

But one flag forever
To wave over me!
The flag of Columbia,
Where dwelleth the free!
Then, lift up that banner,
On high let it wave,
May God of the angels
Be good to the brave!

Let all the stars glitter
And light up our way;
Lead onward and upward
Forever and aye!
With uplifted hand swear
To be ever true,
To the stars there emblazoned
In the field of bright blue.

MY OWN LAND FOREVER!

Here's to my own land, my own land forever!
Forsake thee in trouble? No, never!
The wrongs we will right; for thee we will fight;
The foe that invadeth we'll put to flight.

Land of our fathers under the sod!
Land that we love the nearest to God!
So grand are thy hills, kissed by the sun,
And thy valleys down which the rivers run.

Sweet are thy valleys! Lofty thy hills!
Rising in splendor; my bosom thrills!
Dear land of freedom, loved by the free!
Gift of one mighty and given to me!

Bright are the suns which in glory rise,
Bright are the stars in the blue of skies,
Pale are thy moonbeams, queen of the night,
Shining for all in bright silver light.

Hoarse are the thunders shaking the hills,
Sweet are the murmurs of running rills,
Fearful thy lightnings, red in their glare!
Flashing, scintillating everywhere.

Sweet are the roses which bloom and grow!
Perfumed the winds that ever blow!
Gentle the showers which slowly fall,
Scattering blessings over us all.

THE EGO.

He did not deign to speak to me
He is so big; I'm little, wee!
What lordly looks! What arch in back!
I wonder that his skull don't crack.

So much knowledge in his head!
He tries to make a mighty spread;
Thinks he's the wisest man in town,
And carries tons of greatness round.

It's in his step, it's in his brain,
He thinks he is a king again.
With all his majesty in play,
All must admit he wins the day.

He's like a highland horny buck,
And just as proud and just as stuck
Upon his greatness as the buck.
Look tender, or he'll run amuck!

He's seeing nothing but the skies—
The earth would blear his noble eyes!
Oh, he's the stuff from head to toes!
Just see him swagger as he goes!

Yes, he's the man from end to end,
And hardly ever has a friend.
For he's so big, all others wee
He never drops his eyes to see.

An ego now, always will be—
The mighty walking ego Me!
A great big I, a mighty swell,
Tell him for me to go to—Weehawken.

"PUNKIN" PIE.

The punkin pies are getting ripe;
They look so sweet and fair.
The frost is on the trailing vine,
A chill is in the air;
Great yellow globes they lay afield,
So pleasing to the eye,
And every one in all the field
Is crying punkin pie.

In multitudes they meekly lie
Beneath the sultry sky,
And greedy eyes a hunger show
While dreaming punkin pie.
The farmer smiles to see how sweet
They on his holdings lie,
And as he goes afield to plow
He dreams of punkin pie.

How sweet and luscious is the toast
Which in our visions lie!
And as the days go gliding past
All eat the punkin pie.
The dear old days, remembered well,
I saw the coals aglow,
As mother heated the oven up
And set the house aglow.

Of punkin pie let nations sing
To all the passers by!
There's nothing sweeter to my taste
Than home-made punkin pie.
The turkey and the punkin pie
Oft at the table meet,
And then the tug of war is on
And all unite to eat.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

Where are the children of my youth—
The children I loved so?
They've vanished in the flight of years
Like banks of April snow.

They came to me as angels come,
Lingered a fleeting day.
Like summer birds they took their flight;
I sit alone today.

I sit and dream a happy dream,
Of all their sunny ways;
I call, but they will never come,
As in the olden days.

There's others now that share their love—
This I rejoice to see;
And children of their own with joy
Now climb upon their knee.

They'll live their day as I have mine—
How happy they must be!
I envy not their happiness,
Nor yet the children's glee.

Their day will pass as mine has past,
They'll sit alone like me,
And dream their dreams of long ago,
When children climbed their knee.

GIVE ME THE WINGS.

Give me the wings to upward rise
With steady flight up to the skies;
Up nearer to the great White Throne,
The place that I would make my home.

Give me the pinions of a dove
That I may rise and soar above;
With tireless wings, oh! may I rise
Up to the mansions in the skies.

Far, far from cares that now oppress
And lead one into wretchedness.
Fain I would rise and fly away
Up to the realms of endless day.

How sad my lot while here below,
Where fires burn and floods o'erflow.
Give me a land that hath no storms,
A land of peace and tranquil homes.

There I would dwell forever more
Away from storm and tempest's roar.
I crave a home in some blest land
Where peace flows down a silver strand.

Oh, give me wings, the wings to rise
And soar away to peaceful skies!
There find a calm and blest retreat,
Up close beside the Mercy Seat.

THEY'RE GONE.

I sigh for the days that forever are flown
Sure they are sweetest I ever have known!
In spite of my pleadings they will not return
I call and I call, but my callings they spurn.

Oh, days of ye olden! Once you were mine,
But now you have faded like frost on the vine;
But your gladness is with me even today
Your memory I treasure; it maketh me gay.

The glad days of harvest! Their memory is mine,
And often I go and bow at their shrine.
I feed on the huskings all wilted and sear,
And I sigh for past years and wish they were here.

Dear days of gleaning with joy of the years
I am withered and old, oft shrinking with fear,
With fingers a-tremble I count up the years,
And my old wrinkled cheeks are oft wet with tears.

I sigh for the faces I once held so dear,
And often I'm wishing they were all here.
No, never again! Oh, lost days, can it be!
You have floated away, and lonely I be.

You have left me alone, forever alone,
Till time of my waiting forever is done;
Till time and all times together shall run,
And all the fields gleaned with the last setting sun.

But away and away, forever ye flee!
No waiting for laggard, no waiting for me.
Then why should I sigh, since all are gone—gone?
Old days and old friends, will you wait till I come?

COME, MY BELOVED.

Come away, my beloved,
Away to the skies.
From dust of thy thraldom,
Oh, loved one, arise!
Fair mansions await thee
In land of the blest;
A house all celestial
That will give thee rest.

Fight on, gallant soldier,
There's glory to come!
Reward for the victor,
When battle is won.
Oh, be not discouraged
For victory is sure,
And glory is waiting
For those that endure.

You oft may grow weary
While fighting alone.
The God of all battles
Has promised a throne.
Come away to the skies!
Why tarry below,
In pathways so weary
'Mid sorrow and woe?

There mansions are waiting—
Are waiting thee now.
There are palms for thy triumph,
A crown for thy brow.
There's rest for the weary,
An end of all fears;
There's fruits all eternal
A feast for the years.

SUMMER'S COMING.

The sweet summertime is coming
Coming o'er hills and dales.
It comes leaping o'er the mountains,
And laughing through the vales;
Is swimming in the clouds above
Is smiling from the moon,
And it comes sailing through the air
Along the tides of noon.

'Tis laughing in the waters free
As they go bounding on;
'Tis sighing in the waving trees,
One universal song!
It lifts the roses out of bed,
And bids them bloom again;
And spreads the dew on field and fern
And drops the blessed rain.

Joy's universal song is sung—
Soft whisper on the gale.
The barefoot boy is out abroad,
The summer time to hail.
The dandelion lifts his head
Along the valley green,
And all the days are blessed days—
A pure and holy dream.

The birds are out with thrilling song,
They're filling all the air
With melody divinely sweet,
To cheer each listening ear.
Oh! summertime, sweet summertime!
How sweet thy days can be!
When everything is glorified
And full of melody.

LORD, WHY IS IT SO?

Dear Lord, dear Lord, why is it so?
Our dearest earthly friends must go,
And leave us here to weep alone,
And desolate our happy home.

We'll miss them long when evening's nigh,
But still it's right that all must die.
The mystery is hid from me
Why such a thing as this can be.

We live, we love, strive to be brave,
But all go marching to the grave.
The life we live is all so brief.
The dearest pass and all is grief.

We wail our sorrows to the wind.
'Tis not because our friends have sinned.
Kind nature's hand is in it all—
Like mighty oaks our friends must fall.

Death's angel bands so often come
And take these treasures from our home,
And we are left o'erwhelmed with grief—
No one can tell why life's so brief.

'Tis just a step from lullaby
Till death is here and we must die.
Death greets the young, death greets the old,
We live awhile, and then the mold.

The funeral dirge is sadly sung,
Our hearts with desolation wrung,
Then softly laid down in the dust
Where sword and scabbard all must rust.

IF YOU WOULD WIN.

If you would win, you must begin
To act the winner's part.
Don't sit at ease, roll up your sleeves—
Be sure to make a start.
You can't succeed by word or deed
You'll surely have to dig;
With spade tussle with your muscle,
'Twill make you strong and big.

Be crackerjack! stiff up your back!
And force good luck right in.
Stick out your chin, broaden your grin,
'Twill help you sure to win.
Pay as you go, defy each foe,
And all the rant and roar.
If hills are steep don't go to sleep,
You'll find an open door.

Success awaits all at the gates
With hinges ready greased;
She's honor bright and full of fight;
She smiles and longs to please.
If back is bent she's well content
To lend a helping hand.
Illumed she stands to every man,
All ready to command.

Pitch in! Pitch in! you're sure to win!
Success is surely yours;
And every man that clasps her hand,
And to the end endures.
With voice of song she'll cheer you on
To fairer fields of light.
When work is done, the victory won,
'Twill fill you with delight.

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER.

The good old summer's here again,
With flowers all abloom;
The polliwogs all holler now,
And storm the silver moon,
The fisherman is on the trail
Of all the finny tribe,
And soft and hazy is his look
As he sits by the tide.

The stars aglow in heaven's dome
Look down with languid eye,
And all the universe is glad
On earth and glowing sky.
The weary farmer sleeps and dreams
Of waving harvest field,
Till wide awake he counts the cost
And reckons what they yield.

Hope sits on all the hills around,
Mild as a little child;
The birds trill out their happy songs—
All heavy hearts beguile.
Come join the universal chant,
Just like a lover gay,
And hobnob with the Gods of Hope
While they are making hay.

Old summertime! Gay summertime!
How sweet thy blossoms are!
With all thy waving fields agleam,
We need not have a care.
The fruitful fields will ripen soon
When harvest moon is on,
And all will join with reaper glad
To gather in the corn.

A MAN WANTED.

Yes, honest friend I want a man!
For this I've toiled, for this I've planned;
But not one man, to my regret,
Has ere come near my cunning net.
They're very scarce, this fact I've found,
They're not enough to go around;
And if we don't force bachelors in
Alone through life we'll have to swim.

I've done my best; I've even stooped
To conquer a man, the homely brute!
But still I am a maid forlorn,
Most wishing I had ne'er been born.
I'm happy! Yes, I guess I'm not.
I miss my rib now quite a lot;
If I should ever capture one—
The biggest job of life'd be done.

I want a man upright and square;
I'll take him if he has red hair;
For quickly he'll be getting bald,
And then he'll have no hair at all.
The years go by; they're on the fly—
I've cast my hook oft on the sly—
But not one fish has "took" my bait,
So now I mean to rest and wait.

If Jim comes round I'll treat him square,
My good intentions I'll declare.
If it should be but homely Joe
I'll not be slow to let him know,
That I am willing, waiting him,
To come and help me in the swim.
So cry it out to all mankind
There is one lass that's left behind.

A SLEEPY DREAM.

The day was warm, the sun was hot,
And all oppressed with heat.
I sought the shade and lay me down,
And soon I fell asleep.

Old Sleepy Man then took my hand
And led me far away,
Through the old meadows long forgot,
Where once I tossed the hay.

I saw the little brook that ran,
The busy bumble bees,
And heard the murmur, soft and low,
Of winds among the trees.

I saw the cows that cropped the grass,
Gaze at me in surprise;
The grunting swine, the fleecy sheep,
And flocks of butterflies.

I saw the strong man swing his scythe,
And lay the grass in rows,
Then stop and whet his curving blade,
And thought, "How well he mows!"

I heard a hum pervade the air,
Saw fond old faces too,
The dear old friend that worked with me
Back when the world was new.

Then all at once they waked me up,
The evening shades had come,
The darkness fell, the vision's o'er,
And the old friends are gone.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO WIN.

You can't lay around if you're going to win,
You got to be up and hustle with vim.
Success is waiting, you've got to be up
Or forever remain down in the rut.

It takes lots of hustle to make ends meet,
So if you don't hustle look out for defeat.
There is always a way if you have the will,
To hustle along to the top of the hill.

Just keep your eyes open and ever be true,
Sure success somewhere is waiting for you.
You must dig and delve if gold you would find,
And 'tend to the fire till its refined.

The toiler that's toiling with courage and care
Will have plenty to eat, and plenty to wear.
Respected and honored, a blessing to all,
Helpful to others whenever they call.

Hustle just hustle, 'tis good for your health.
'Twill bring thee to honor, bring thee to wealth.
So onward and upward, get thee a name,
For upward's the road that leadeth to fame.

AM I A DREAMER?

Am I a dreamer? It seems so,
A dreaming dreams where'er I go;
I'm dreaming on both night and day,
I'm dreaming this poor life away.

Why wake I not from my sad dreams,
While heaven's light around me gleams?
Why close my eyes and dream strange dreams,
While floating down life's rapid streams.

Wake from thy dreams! Oh, mortal, wake!
These dreams from out thy life now shake,
And dream no more; 'tis folly sad,
The dreams of life will drive thee mad.

Arise, and hold the winning hand!
Awake for God and native land
Awake and help drive out the wrong,
And bid the weak fear not, be strong!

Awake! awake! let dreamers dream!
I man my ship to sail life's stream,
Brave all perils, mount swelling waves,
But never fill a dreamer's grave!

Am I a dreamer? Even so,
In all the past it has been so.
But now I'll wake and dream no more,
But steer my bark to wakeful shore.

SPIRITS OF THE NIGHT.

I heard the spirits of the night
As they rode forth on dewy wings,
Amid the hush of solitude
I heard their low, sweet, vesper hymns.

Like whispering angels talking love,
With stately steps they moved along;
Like minstrel chariots from above
They hummed a soft, low, liquid song.

'Twas summer time, the mild moon smiled
And hid ablush behind the cloud,
The stars all danced to music wild
And laughed sweet titters half aloud.

There rose a fragrance from the flowers,
Earth seemed a garden of the God's;
The world one great enchanted bower
While nature posed in sleepy nods.

The winds that fan the wilds of earth
Sing sweet hushabys to my soul.
The night bird warbles songs of mirth
As all around sweet anthems roll.

On in the night, the solemn night,
Amid its harmonies sublime,
I lingered, waiting for the light,
Still confident it would be mine.

I listen to the whirling wind,
I hear the low and solemn sigh;
While all around the echoes ring,
Dark mysteries hang o'er earth and sky.

NEARER TO THEE.

Nearer to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
This all my song shall be.
In darkest night, when day is bright,
This still my song shall be.

Nearer to Thee! Though lone I be,
My pillow but a stone.
Though dark the night, no home in sight,
Yet still I'm not alone.

Nearer to Thee in dreams I'll be;
Thy angels come to bless;
With songs of cheer they linger near.
Sweet dreams are mine, and rest.

An exile I, 'neath bending sky;
A ladder raised for me.
Nearer to Thee, as shadows flee.
Oh, nearer come to me.

In midnight's fears I shed my tears;
Thy stars my only light.
Then I will be nearer to Thee
Through all the lonely night.

Long as I live this song I'll give
To Christ of Calvary!
Through darkest night, till dawns the light,
My God, remember me!

WIND UP THE CLOCK.

Wind up the clock and lock the door,
The weary day is done;
And let us lay these bodies down
These bodies weary, worn.

The evening prayer we'll breathe to God,
A God so free to bless;
And we'll forgive our enemies
And in His promise rest.

We'll lay us down in tranquil sleep,
And pleasant be our dreams
As we go walking fairy land
'Mid all its fancy scenes.

Repeat the dear old prayer again,
When mother tucked us in;
If we forget to say that prayer
'Twould be a frightful sin.

Forgive, forgive! the load of debts
We owe to Thee for good;
Thanks for the friends we hold on earth
And all our daily food.

How big Thy mercies crowd us around,
Alike the stars above!
How good our food, how soft our bed,
And all our lines are love.

Oh, may we wake in gratitude
To see the light of day,
And live each hour as if our last,
Till life shall pass away!

COME WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU.

Come, Oh! come, where glory waits you,
Brave men standing there at bay;
For your country waits to crown you,
Fighting in the dreadful fray.

Come, Oh! come, where cannons roaring
On the field with carnage rife;
There pure patriot's blood is flowing
In the carnage and the strife.

Glory calls! Why should you falter,
Though blood crimson all the plain?
God of battles! He may shelter
Bring thee to thy friends again.

But if death these hopes should shatter,
Leave thee on the field of blood;
Glory then thy grave shall shelter,
And thy death be blest of God.

Hear the voice of all the future
Calling thee to stand or fall;
All the ties of earthly nature
Gone to swell the solemn call.

On to field where glory waits you!
Stand to win the day or die!
There you fight for all who love you
For the God who rules the sky.

Oh! my country, on thy altars
I would lay me down and die.
Cursed be the one that falters,
When he hears his country's cry!

OH, I WOULD BE!

Oh, I would be an angel,
And dwell in angel land,
A harp a-thrill to music,
A palm within my hand.
I'd join the angel chorus
Which stands before the throne,
And bless the God of angels
For such a blessed home.

Renew my youth in glory,
The land I've sought so long.
There thru the mighty ages,
I'd sing the new, new song.
There days are never counted,
All ages are its own,
And there are many mansions
Which I can call my home.

There dwells my soul exulting.
All weary years are past,
And I have gained the portals
Where all the weary rest.
Why linger in the shadows,
And perils here below?
I wait the Master's summons
When He shall bid me go.

There we shall live forever,
And never know a fear—
Shall never know a sorrow,
Through all the endless years.
Yes, I would be an angel,
And dwell in angel lands,
And walk the streets all golden,
A palm within my hands.

MAIDEN, LISTEN.

Oh, maiden! listen, hearken now!
Oh, lend your listening ear!
When the foul tempter comes around,
Oh, don't you stop to hear!

And don't forget what mother says,
And you'll remember well—
A flatterer would lead astray,
Down to the gate of hell.

Don't think that mother's love is blind,
Or that you know it all.
The flatterer will lead the way
Down to a wretched fall.

You think your Johnny's pure and good—
I rather think he is;
But John will never flatter you—
It's not a way of his.

He's open as the shining day,
If girl he loves is true.
Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
Perhaps his girl is you.

SUNLIGHT.

The sun climbs up the mountain
So steadily and slow;
It calls the day to waking
And sets the world aglow.

The dewy morn forgets to weep,
Bright flowers fragrance spread.
While all the world seems happy,
The sun a-shine o'erhead.

Soft breezes shake the dew-drops
From off the bending grass;
Sweet birds above are flying,
Their shadows quickly pass.

Flowers scatter sweetness round,
Made fragrant all the air,
And the world was full of joy;
Its happiness we share.

Soon all the world's aglitter,
Beneath the shining sun,
And all of life is jolly
Until its race is run.

WHO TOUCHED ME?

A woman sick and nigh to death
Approached her Lord with bated breath.
"If I can touch his garment's seam
I know I shall be whole and clean."
With lofty hope she took her stand,
When he was near reached forth her hand;
She reached and touched his garments fair,
And lo! she found her healing there!

The Master turned: "Who touched me?"
She trembling fell upon her knee.
"Master, forgive! for it was me!"
He bade her rise so lovingly,
With eyes of love gazed on her soul.
"Thy faith is great, and thou art whole."
With trembling fear she raised her eyes
And felt her healing with surprise.

With joy she shall live out her days,
And every hour be fraught with praise.
When death shall come—she'll soon arise
Through him will gain her paradise.

MY BEST GIRL.

She stands before me, sweet and true.
Her eyes are of a liquid blue.
Sweetest graces are hovering round.
See what a treasure I have found!

She's like the sweetest rose ablaze,
Her blushes like the evening haze.
Her brow is where true lovers meet,
And she's a Hebe from crown to feet.

Cheeks with beauty and love aglow,
Matching roses where'er they grow.
Gentle her action, gentle her voice,
The words she speaks make me rejoice.

As pure as waters from the fount,
Sweet as the zephyrs from the mount.
She's meek and gentle as the dove,
Or as the angels up above.

She's sweet and pure as God's own child
The dearest flower on the wild.
Through all the ages she'll be mine,
Through all the swinging waves of time.

I SAW HIM COURTING.

I saw him when he courted her.
She sweetly hung upon his arm,
And he was very tender then,
For fear that she would come to harm.

But very few of fleeting days
Past ere he had grown cold to her.
She does not hang upon his arm,
Now he don't seem to care for her.

She is his slave, does all the work,
With a patience so all sublime;
Washes the clothes and scrubs the floor,
And toils away most of the time.

While he lordly walks up the street,
And she can stay herself at home.
Poor girl! she hopes, toils on, and hopes,
Still labors on in hope alone.

I wish he had a mother-in-law,
To call him to his duty.
His wife is just as pleasant now,
But just wearing out her beauty.

It's long we live and long we love,
When our hearts are true and tender;
But if a man don't love his wife
Then may kind heaven defend her.

ALL NATURE CALLS.

All nature calls. Awake! Awake!
Young summer's call to field and lake;
Chill winter's past, gay summer's here.
She hails the world with words of cheer.

Some lazy shrubs are sleeping yet.
She calls the clouds, all dripping wet,
Calls thunders too, while lightning's thrill
Goes crashing o'er the vale and hill.

The clinging vine then hears the call.
And soon it climbs the friendly wall;
And ere the clock strikes hour of noon,
The world's aglow in clustered bloom.

The birds all sing of love, sweet love!
Hot suns aflame in skies above.
All nature's rising from her tomb;
There is no place for tears or gloom.

The fruitful fields now all aglow
Were yesterday all chilled in snow.
Young spring puts on her robes of green
And blooming flowers deck the scene.

We all rejoice at scenes so fair,
With joy we breathe the fragrant air.
And oh! 'tis sweet, so sweet to live,
When nature has such gifts to give.

The flying birds, the humming bees,
The murmured song among the trees,
All join to fill this life of mine
With joy and peace almost divine.

RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare is the gem I bring,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
Down at your feet this gem I fling,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
Oh, guard it, friend, with constant care,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
Place on thy breast and wear it there.
'Tis love, 'tis love.

A gem from out the hand of God,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
It lifts up from the chilling sod,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
In Eden's bowers 'twas hid away,
'Tis love, 'tis love.
There in a rocky cave it lay,
'Tis love, 'tis love.

Revealed to us on Calvary,
His love, His love.
The only hope we hold today,
His love, His love.
A tune my heart beats on and on,
His love, His love.
'Twill beat until its beating's done,
With love, with love.

For this the solid rock did break,
For love, for love.
The skies grew dark, the mountains shake,
God's love, God's love.
Love is a glorious heritage,
Just love, just love.
It leads us to eternal days,
Oh love, sweet love.

TOUCH MY LIPS.

Touch my lips with loving fire!
Touch my heart with good desire!
May my tongue with wisdom talk!
Teach my wandering feet to walk!
In the giddy maze of life
Keep my heart from sin and strife;
Guide my feet lest they should stray
Into sin's alluring way.

Wake my soul from sluggish sleep,
Help me all my watches keep.
Through all the night and all the day,
Guide them still in pleasant way.
Lead me into pastures green,
Along the gentle flowing stream.
Lead me gentle, lead me on,
Fill my soul with joy of song.

Give me courage, give me strength,
Life and days in service spent;
Till my task on earth is done,
Then in mercy take me home.
Give back to me those I love—
A home in thy courts above.
Give to me, unworthy me,
Heaven and all its company.

A SLAVE TO HATE.

Hate, I have been a slave to you;
You've darkened all my life.
You've made my path a thorny one,
And strewn my way with strife.
Love blushed and hid her face from me
And hatred took her place.
You've filled my life with sorrows full,
And made my life a waste.

My friends with tears all turn away,
And smile no more on me.
My skies are filled with flying clouds—
A hell of misery.
Hate gnaws my heart both night and day,
'Tis bleeding to the core,
And I have learned to have it so—
I cherish peace no more.

At first it seemed a little thing,
I hugged and kept it warm;
But soon it to a monster grew
And cast o'er me its charm.
So now I love and cherish it—
An undiluted hell!
Its baleful shadows cover me.
How low, how far I fell!

My haggard life I ever hate,
I'm like a lion caged,
I love to grit my teeth and glare,
And spit out wrath and rage.
I suffer more than martyrs did
Laid on the funeral pyre.
They have a hope which bears them up,
Mine is a quenchless fire.

I WILL BE FREE.

I've been your slave, oh! cruel rum!
Around my soul a web you've spun.
I never dreamed such cords could be,
Until I felt their misery.
Yes, I have quaft the flowing bowl,
Until it's well nigh drowned my soul.
But now I'll dash it from my lip
I'll never take another sip.

This is the song to sing for me:
Forever more I will be free!
You've spread your snare to capture me
But in God's name I will be free.
You've killed the smile of innocence.
And gave me naught in recompense.
I've been your slave; I've bowed the knee
But still a man, I will be free!

Your chains may gall for many a day,
With God for strength I'll fight my way.
No longer shackled will I be.
I can but die, I will be free!
My wife and child a sacrifice,
Made burning hell of paradise.
Now they are gone, all gone from me.
I hate you rum, I will be free!

You sparkled in my trembling hand,
The drink that's only made to damn.
No longer pour it out for me,
I'm done with rum, I will be free!
My life's a wreck, I know it now.
My nerves all shake; wrinkled's my brow.
You made my life a misery,
Farewell to rum, I will be free!

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

The good and bad are mingled
With us throughout our lives.
How oft in thoughtless moments
The bad within us thrives!

We find ourselves bemoaning
The evils we have done,
And we are seen regretting
At setting of the sun.

The good and bad surround us
In ups and downs of life;
In every manly struggle
We're braver in the strife.

When devils camp around us
Angels are in the rear,
So we can meet them boldly
When angel help is near.

Our strength is in One mighty,
And devils fear and fly.
He fights our battle for us
With sword uplifted high.

With good and bad around us,
The good should surely win.
There is a rock to shelter,
To take the tempted in.

Boast not of good you have done
By your unaided power.
'Tis not good fruit you're bearing
'Tis but some faded flower.

ALICE.

I know a girl, her name's Alice;
Not a bit of guile or malice.
Form so dainty, cheeks red and fair,
Sunny glories shine in her hair.

She's a beauty all resplendent,
Rosy cheeks, style independent.
Sweet and tender as cherries ripe;
I'll go and get her for a wife.

For she can wash and scrub and bake,
Can make a pie or turn a cake.
She's good enough for any man;
I'll go and get her if I can.

She is so sweet, so neat and clean,
Never stoops to things low and mean,
And she can cook the best of stew,
And custards good enough for you.

A blessing sure through all my days,
A pleasant girl with pleasant ways,
A fond companion so sweet and true,
The very one I wish for too.

I'll go work and build a palace,
Go tell my darling Alice,
"I've got the cage, so come along,
And fill my palace full of song."

NOW I LAY ME.

Now I lay me down to sleep.
Oh, God! to thee I pray
That thou will guard me while I sleep
Until another day.

If in the night I sink and die,
And never wake again,
Wilt Thou have mercy on my soul,
With Thee to ever reign?

For this I pray, Oh Lord, to Thee:
Oh, guide me with Thy hand
Through all the way which I must walk
To reach the Promised Land.

I'm in thy hand both night and day,
No other help I know;
If thou forsak'st me while I'm here,
My doom is endless woe.

Oh, let my life be true to Thee,
Obey Thy every call.
Burdens of life too much for me,
Oh God, to Thee I call!

In mercy hear my every cry,
All feeble though they be.
Help me in every time of need
To simply trust in Thee.

So shall my sleep, my waking hours,
Be given unto Thee
Let life or death, let nights and days,
All consecrated be.

TELL ME THY SECRETS.

Tell me thy secrets, dark blue sea.
Why comes my lover not to me?
He spread his sails and sailed away,
And has been gone for many a day.

His ship was wrecked somewhere, he sleeps
Beneath the bosom of thy deeps;
Oh, cruel, cruel, boisterous sea,
Send back my lover boy to me!

Oh! he was blithe, and he was brave,
He loved to ride the swelling wave;
And when the fearful storm came down
He left the sail to wear a crown.

How much my lover boy I miss!
How dear the last fond loving kiss!
It is a joy—a memory,
I cherish very lovingly.

Oh, restless, rolling, stormy sea,
Be kind to him where'er he be—
Down in the deep where lovers sleep
Let mermaid sweet his watches keep.

Farewell, my love, farewell to thee!
Sweet be thy rest in deep blue sea!
Let waves swell up and beat the shore,
My lover comes to me no more.

ABIDE TILL EVENTIDE.

Abide with me till eventide;
When shadows gather still abide.
When gloaming hides the rising hill,
Thy presence, Lord, be with me still.

Abide with me, lest I should stray
From loving care so far away.
When blinded eyes refuse to see,
Still in Thy love, abide with me.

When cares oppress my shrinking soul,
Oh! make me as the lion bold.
Give grace to face the danger nigh,
As to Thy sheltering arms I fly.

Abide with me, when tempter's near,
And let me feel that Thou art near.
And may Thy arms in majesty
Make all my enemies to flee.

Abide with me, both night and day,
And make Thy presence cheer my way.
When like a coward I would flee,
Give courage, still abide with me.

Abide with me till eventide;
When on the waves of death I ride
May all its darkness from me flee,
And still, my Lord, abide with me.

DRIVE DEMON HATE.

Drive demon hate from out your heart,
I warn you, gentle maiden,
Or he will make his homing there,
And leave you heavy laden.
Let love supreme still rule your life,
And softer words be spoken,
More like the gentle Nazarene
Whose cross shall be thy token.

Heaven is never far away
From hearts released from hating.
Soft words will heal a broken heart,
As I have been relating.
There is a cruelty in words.
That burns and burns forever
Oh, use them then with love imbued,
With God you'll find good favor.

Don't make your tongue a thing to dread,
And cause your friends to shiver,
But soft and low roll out your words
Like wavelets on a river.
Love is divine! it healeth wounds,
And wipes the tears of sorrow.
Oh, soft and tender be thy hands
Today and on the morrow.

ECHOES OF OLD HOME.

Strange echoes of my sylvan home!
Was it some nymph or wildwood gnome
That answered every word I said,
From out the dark and leafy shade?
Scarce had the call dropt from my lip—
Back would it come without a slip.
Echoing long and echoing high,
With a strange, weird, wildwood cry.

I'd call out quick, "A clack! a clack!"
Still every syllable came back,
As if some living body there—
It must be children of the air!
Those echoes rung all round my home
They followed me where'er I'd roam.
The childish calls of memory
Are ever coming back to me.

The woodman's ax 'twould imitate
In wildwood so desolate.
The wooded home so oft would ring
With calls of joy, and songs I'd sing.
'Tis strange! 'tis strange! I can't tell why
They'd answer everywhere and cry,
Those echoes here and echoes there,
Wild echoes ringing everywhere!

FIGHTING RUM.

To one and all I send this call,
Come help us in the fray!
Come take your stand in phalanx grand,
And help to win the day.

No coward here! Oh, come with cheer,
We're in this fight to win.
Our cause is true, we'll fight it through;
To fail would be a sin.

Red, white, and blue we will make true
To wife and helpless child.
For them we fight their wrongs to right,
A war is never mild.

Come hearty men, come join our clan!
The fighting line is drawn.
We'll never bow whate'er the row;
In hope the day will dawn.

We fight alone for God and home—
The little fellows there.
A brighter dawn is coming on,
And they our joy will share.

A death-strewn path, a day of wrath,
Their little feet have trod.
A stream of sin has swept them in,
Defied the living God.

Camped in the field, we'll never yield
Till victory crowns the day.
Let others roam; we'll save the home!
The monster Rum we'll slay.

Why should this flood acurst of God,
Go sweeping on its way?
While Christian men will hem and haw
Stand round and bid it stay!

Still stand by those with bloody clothes,
And keep the fires aflame!
Oh, hear my call! Ere vengeance fall!
Help quench this fiery flame.

QUEER PEOPLE.

We're all, somehow, a little queer,
Excepting you and me, my dear.
There's queerness in the best of us,
And meanness in the rest of us.

But how it comes I can't make out,
Yet fancy I am not a lout,
As I have eyes that are not blind.
And what I see I have in mind.

There's selfishness and jealousy—
It bothers you and clutches me.
Although we try to get away
It sticketh to us night and day.

We might as well, my dear, confess
There's serpent's eggs here in our nest,
I'd like to know how they got in—
I do suspect that man of sin.

Please list to what I say, my dear.
The devil's always handy here,
And he pops up just now and then
And gets into the best of men.

He stirs you up sometimes, I see,
Then how you scold and bother me!
And then I give you tit for tat,
And that is what the devil's at.

He's in our lives from head to foot;
He stands around with grappling hook,
If there's a break at all, at all.
He has a hand in every brawl.

Something once happened; let us see,
It was beneath an apple tree.
It kind of clings to you and me,
And causes all our misery.

I wish they'd left that fruit alone!
It's bred into our flesh and bone,
And every step we take on earth,
We are reminded of our birth.

They ate the fruit and down they fell
Into a universal hell.
How true this is, I cannot say,
There's lots of Hell along our way.

DOUCHER'S BABY.

I have von chile wid sharpest claws,
I laf so much as never was.
His little nose pug as can be!
I nurse him sometimes on my knee.
He has the cutest little eyes!
He looked at me and seem surprised.
Him just lay down and kick and kick,
I laf so much it make me sick.

His muder think him a great chap,
He looks so much jis like his pap!
Dat tickled me much, more and more.
Ven I gits out I fairly roar!
I laf and laf, and rubs myself,
Ven I tink of dat little elf
Dat has blue eyes and a pug nose,
Two little feet and little toes.

Sometimes he howl and wake me up,
Him howl sometimes like little pup.
Ven I don't sleep I do declare
Then I gets mad an almost swear.
Ven daylight comes an no more cry
Den I's 'shamed to see my eye,
To see date von dear little chile,
I loves so much most all de time.

He is von dearest little boy!
He gives his fader so much shoy!
I love dat little bunch of flesh
Much better don I love myself.
He reaches up to pull my hair.
Just let him pull, I do not care.
I tink he tries to have some fun,
Jes lik his fader's little son.

TURN BACK, YE YEARS.

Turn back! turn back! ye fleeting years,
Turn back and note my falling tears.
For I have wept as few have wept,
As o'er my spirit memory swept.

Oh, chide me not for tears that fall!
For I have quaft wormwood and gall.
In spite of all that I can do
My eyes are wet as with the dew.

How oft they flow and bring relief,
And ease the burdens of my grief.
Better to weep than laugh betimes—
I find it so in years of mine.

So many loves of earth are gone,
And left my life so all forlorn;
So when the evening ides have come
I'll join them in their silent home.

Oh, tears! oh, tears! ye blessed tears!
Oh, how oft you sooth the fleeting years!
You ease the burden of our hearts,
And pluck from griefs their stinging smarts.

We brush them gently from our eyes,
And turn them radiant to the skies.
There tears are bottled up with care,
They hold an innocence like a prayer.

ALL READY IN THE MORNING.

All ready in the morning,
When the sun begins to shine.
The mountain's tipped in glory,
And dew is on the vine.

The birds are blithely singing
Their sweetest songs of praise.
Shall I a laggard linger
And not a tribute raise?

Pale flowers sweetly blooming
Spread paradise around;
Arranged in all their glory
They glorify the ground.

They scent the breezes blowing
From gardens of His love;
No sweeter wonders blooming
Save those that bloom above.

All ready in the morning
I'll open my eyes to see.
The sweetest flowers blooming
In paradise for me.

THE GRIEFS OF EARTH.

The griefs of earth may bring us gain,
Just like the gentle falling rain.
When harvest a-thirsty grows
'Tis seen by one that always knows.

The gentle rain like human tears
Brings forth the golden ripening ears,
As former and the latter rain
Has blest the glowing golden grain.

And as the hurried years go by
We often gaze through tear-dimmed eye.
They yield a harvest just the same,
As fruitful fields beneath the rain.

Sometimes the thunders din the sky,
The ringed lightnings flash and fly,
And nature raves, and raves and raves,
The wild winds swell in sullen waves.

Thus pent-up nature sheds her tears
And fills the world with shadowy fears;
When storm is past like mortal man
She sinks to sweet and holy calm.

Then roses smile again and bloom;
Her griefs are past and all her gloom,
And gladness swells her heart again,
Which traveled late in so much pain.

I'LL SING MY SONG.

I'll sing my song, and bid it go
To cheer a world of want and woe—
In mansion or in humble cot,
Wherever man has cast his lot.

I'll bid it go and cheer the heart,
To give each one good hope to start.
To fight to win and struggle on,
Until the victory is won.

Oh, song of mine, be strong to cheer,
And bid the timid banish fear,
And teach the cowards to be brave
In their long marches to the grave.

Make them as like a helping hand
As they go ringing through the land;
And as they go may men give ear
And all be glad my song to hear!

Tell troubled ones it's good to weep!
The bitter tear may lead to sweet.
A blessed truth, I know it's so,
For tears have often eased my woe.

The bitter sweets of this poor life
Where joy is mingled with each strife;
The darkest clouds will drift away
And grief will smile to greet the day.

MY BUGLE.

My bugle is silent; there's not a note
Comes leaping, laughing from its throat;
For I am sick and I'm growing old
I cannot blow it as of old.

Oh, the beautiful days when I was young!
My bugle had a nimble tongue.
Oh, how it could laugh and cry to the hills,
And all the air was full of thrills.

Then hills and valleys all stopped to hear
The sounds so full of lofty cheer.
And my very life went out with its strains—
Went wailing over the distant plains.

My fingers are stiff and my lungs grow weak,
I scarce have breath enough to speak.
I hold my bugle close to my heart,
For it and I can never part.

Oh, the halcyon days of long ago,
The blessed days when I could blow!
Now I can but sit and list to the tunes
That used to float in the merry Junes.

Every note and toot comes ringing back,
Since all my days are gone to wrack.
But I catch the gleam of the long ago—
I hear sweet notes so soft and low.

I'M LOST! I'M LOST!

I'm lost! I'm lost! forever lost!
I've never stopped to count the cost.
Alone I stand, no rescue near.
God of the lost! oh, hear my prayer!

I have no price to set me free.
I'm lost and poor, oh! pity me!
My hands are empty, here I stand.
Naught but a beggar in the land.

Now in the desert lone and bare
I've wandered far from love and care,
And naught remains but death, grim death,
Which lays along my lonely path.

And here I wander, on and on,
Till hope within is almost gone.
I'm blind, and darkness circles round.
Will peace and hope be ever found?

Thy promise still to me remains,
The Lamb will wash all guilty stains
In this I must trust, then let it be
A light, a comfort unto me.

Oh, God! in mercy hear my cry!
Oh, give Thy healings ere I die.
Naught but thy love can ever save
From the deep terrors of the grave.

LIVE AND BE GAY.

Live and be gay as long as you can;
Some day—some day you'll be a dead man.
The day may be long, the trail may be rough.
Be good to yourself; you'll live long enough.

Eyes will grow dim refusing to see;
Rather unhandy—in this we agree.
Time wrinkles your brow, turning hair gray,
Whispers forever, "You're passing away!"

Wrinkles a-plenty cover thy brow;
Lofty and haughty, low it must bow.
Days like arrows go whistling away;
Laugh, be jolly while with us you stay.

Youth soon is past; short is its day,
Brown were the locks now mingled with gray
Once so active, now listless and slow;
Plodding a pilgrim, on we must go.

Still merry-hearted, leaning on staff,
Cracking a joke and learning to laugh.
Laughs are like sunbeams glorious to see—
Blessing to all, a blessing to me.

Live and be gay as long as you can,
Some day—some day you'll be a dead man—
Finish the work so well begun,
Soon sun will be setting, day's work done.

THERE ARE HEAVY LOADS.

There are heavy loads to carry,
O'er the hills and mountains here;
In the morning there is singing,
In the eve there's grief and tears.

Long I linger in the valley
And the thorns do pierce my feet;
The storms of the earth grow fearful,
All sorts of troubles meet.

When our hopes are weak and sinking,
And great billows roll around,
Then a spirit comes a-walking,
And a peaceful port is found.

In the highways blind and stumbling
In the byways o'er the lea,
Lo, a traveler's step is nearing—
He anoints me, and I see.

With a burden, heavy-laden,
Struggling up the rocky steep,
Footsore, limping, lone and weary,
Oft I stop to wail and weep.

Lo, the voice of mercy cries,
"Weary one, come unto me!
I'm a burden-bearer, ready
From thy load to set thee free."

Helpless! helpless! Lord, I'm crying
If there's mercy, pity me;
Oh, my burden's far too heavy!
Let me lay it, Lord, on Thee!

I'M GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old, sad years have told.
Ah, woe is me! I'm growing old!
Old Father Time flings out his sign,
And covers all this face of mine.

There's wrinkles here and wrinkles there,
There's wrinkles scattered everywhere.
The glow has left my boyish face,
Of youth's fair day there's not a trace.

I'm growing old, just like a tree,
There's knots and gnarls all over me.
The bark is loose, my limbs are weak;
There's quaver in my trembling speech.

I'm growing old, the way grows rough,
And I have traveled far enough.
I'll stop and sit awhile the shade.
I'm on the top—it's all down grade.

The summer's past, pale winter's on;
I writhe and shrink beneath the storm.
This poor old hulk has gone to wrack;
I'm growing old, and can't turn back.

I sometimes sigh for youth's fair day
How swift the time has passed away!
But youth is gone, old age is here—
The leaf of life, all brown and sear.

The long, long years in mercy mine—
I've had my day of youthful prime.
The circling years have past me rolled,
And youth is gone—I'm growing old.

I BUILT ME A HOME.

I built me a home on sands of time,
In a land exceeding fair,
And there I lived with my lover true
And breathed in the balmy air.

The years slipped by with the joys of love,
My soul was exceeding glad,
For my love was true as the skies of blue,
And my life was never sad.

The sunbeams strayed to our cottage door
Till the flowers were in bloom,
Their fragrance as the breath of gods,
At the morning, night and noon.

No evil came, for an angel stood
With a sword to guard the home;
The vine-clad walls bore luscious fruit,
As sweet as the honeycomb.

My fields were flush with the golden grain,
Heavy were the crops they bore;
And the ships brought fruit from every land
And laid them down at my door.

Thus blessings all around me lie,
And this is my home today,
And when I pass to my home on high,
For the joy of others I'll pray.

OH, DREAMER, WAKE!

Oh, dreamer, wake! the battle's on,
It rages now; the foe is strong.
Your country calls! Oh, heed her calls,
And help to build her crumbling walls.

The greed of graft is in the air,
Belated souls don't seem to care.
They're deft in all the devil's schools
And laugh at sin as other fools.

Their ways are dark, their secrets known,
They make the people sigh and groan.
The graft of sin they ever sow.
And live on cunning—filthy, low.

They sit in secret as they plot
To place on men their hellish blot,
And strew our streets with devil's den,
To trap the boys and damn the men.

And Christians go with blinded eyes
And scarcely wish it otherwise,
And serve the brewers all the same,
Unto the country's burning shame.

Wake! Oh, dreamer! the battle's on,
'Tis raging now, the foe is strong,
Strike for your homes with all your might,
And dare to die for what is right.

OLD TIMERS MEET.

How are you, my old friend, today?
I'm glad you still are here.
So many now have past away,
You fill my heart with cheer.
The days are passing swiftly now,
And we are going too;
Still hope lingers forever nigh
And paints the sky true blue.

Hope ever lingers in the brain,
And makes the future bright;
We dream that we are young again,
On every dreary night.
Time plants his footsteps on each brow—
We walk a little lame—
And as I look into your face
I find you're not the same.

Back in halcyon days, when boys
We played upon the green,
Such jolly games, such splendid toys!
But, oh! how far they seem!
The great beyond now claims the boys
With whom we tussled then,
Now they have joined the silent crew.
Most all were noble men!

The rift of years is opening up,
And wrinkles on each brow.
When I look back, all blind with tears,
And hug the passing hour.
Our days on earth are nearly done,
The tally's handed in;
But keep a-going while we can,
Perhaps some day we'll win.

I WANDER HERE.

I wander here; oh, chide me not!
So mystic is my earthly lot.
I wander on through storm and stress,
And oft my soul is in distress.

My monitor oft chideth me
For hugging up my misery.
And pointeth paths so calm and sweet,
With not a thorn to pierce my feet.

That path was mine, but I refused,
And all God's mercies I abused;
So now I stand helpless, alone,
My heart is faint, my courage gone.

I cry, "Oh, mercy! take my hand,
And lead me to a better land,
Where I can rest forevermore,
And not be tossed from shore to shore."

Oh, take my hand, my trembling hand!
I am a blind, a stricken man.
I lose my way in earthly maze,
And wander, wander all my days.

Oh, chide me not; my weakness bear,
And help me with my load of care,
My day's near gone, no more I roam,
Oh, take my hand, and lead me home.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks, oh, must I stand—
Waiting the boat now close at hand.
Out on its billows must I ride,
As to a mystic land I glide.

Some day my feet will touch its flow;
Out on its billows I must go;
Eyes closed to dream a silent dream
Upon that dark and flowing stream.

Oh, waves! be gentle in your flow
I've tossed enough while here below,
And I would find some quiet spot,
Where all my griefs might be forgot.

Oh, waves! oh, waves! I'm full of fear
Each fleeting hour as I draw near.
There are such dreads within the deep,
It gives my soul the power to weep.

Come, oh, my soul! be brave, be brave!
Why should I fear to launch the wave,
That bears me to a home of love,
Far, far from care to rest above!

How oft in tears I've knelt in prayer
And craved the secrets hidden there.
When life is done and I am free
A sweet hope calls, "I'll care for thee."

THE MILLS THAT GRIND.

The mills of life forever grind,
And leave no shred or trace behind.
They grind, they grind to finest dust,
The strongest men like iron rust.
We may shrink back and cry "Nay, nay!"
But mills grind on and have their way.
All are its grist and all must come
Be ground until the grinding's done.

There's millions gone that have been ground,
Fine as the sandy, pebbly ground—
All ground to dust, fine dust again,
Forgot their joy, forgot their pain.
Not what they were, what may they be;
Part of the rose, part of the tree,
Part of the stream that rushes by,
Part of the rock, part of the sky.

Part of the rift, part of the snow,
Part of the rain, and winds that blow.
Now nature's child must do her will
And she commands with wondrous skill.
A blushing in the rose's bloom
May be a friend long in the tomb.
We know it not, though strangely near;
They give no sign, no voice we hear.

The rose still speaks of Easter morn,
When angels came and rolled the stone,
And shook the dust from life's fair robes
And glorified the risen God
Whose dust was ground supremely fine,
He rose like gold in fire refined.
In God's crucible He shall be,
Refined to all eternity.

HOW STRANGE IS LIFE.

How strange this life all seems to me!
'Tis full of shade and mystery.
How crude, unsatisfying all,
As days and years around me fall.

I think I see, yet never see;
Its depth is far too great for me.
My days come quickly, crowding on,
And like a flash they're past and gone.

I grope my way as one that's blind,
And strive life's mysteries to find.
They're hid away, illusive, lost.
I would read them at any cost.

And I'm led on by a false light
Still deeper into Egypt's night.
Amid the dangers lurking there
I sometimes yield to dark despair.

'Twas never meant for me to know
The future way I have to go.
'Tis hid, 'tis hid away from me,
And it is well, so let it be.

My ignorance bids me beware
Of every wily, earthly snare,
For Death is trumps, and he holds sway
And all betimes must pass his way.

BLIND MAN'S SIGHT.

You say the blind man cannot see!
You surely must mistaken be.
They have seen "men as trees" that walk.
When listening to the neighbors' talk,
Their ears are open eyes to them;
And through their ears see other men,
And everything you talk about;
Their ears are looking all about.

Talk of the stars that light the sky—
They see it all with eager eye.
Talk of the harvest fields awave—
They see and help to bind the sheave.
Tell of the corn in stately row—
They see it all and well they know,
The silken ear the sword-like blade—
Before their eyes is gently laid.

They know the world in all its moods
And all surrounding neighborhoods.
The heat, the chills, an open book,
They know them all without a look.
The world is open-eyed to them—
Take it all in as other men.
'Tis wonderful to us who see
How keen the eyes of blind may be!

The moon and stars an open book!
Their eyes are bent where'er they look.
Though blind they be, God gives them eyes
To scan the mysteries of the skies.
All nature talks to poor blind men,
On finger tips that they can ken.
With this they see without the eyes—
The mountains, hills, and all the skies.

GOD BLESS MY DAD!

God bless my dad! I wish all knew
How grand he was, and oh, how true!
For years, many years he held the plow,
With grimy hands and sweating brow.

God bless my dad! A kingly man,
The very best of noble clan.
Defied the sun, all winds that blow—
A mighty man to wield the hoe.

God bless my dad! He lived to serve,
And from life's burdens never swerved.
He hoed his row from end to end,
And always proved himself a friend.

God bless my dad! Now he's at rest.
He always did his level best.
His heavy toil can I forget
Or can I ever pay the debt?

God bless my dad! World's weary care
Bent his old back, made white his hair.
He left the plow and ceased to hoe,
When Great God came and bid him go.

God bless my dad! He sleeps today
In the old churchyard far away.
I'll plant a rose above his grave,
And think how long for me he slaved.

God bless my dad! Now he's asleep
And oft betimes for him I weep.
He sleeps for long and wakens not,
His toil for me is not forgot.

SWEET DREAMLAND.

A sweet dreamland's away somewhere,
Which I shall reach when free from care.
I'll plod along through dreamy days
To find the spot where dreamland lays.

The ocean rolls to toss me on;
Some day my friends will say—he's gone,
But I will be in the land of dreams,
And never more see earthly scenes.

Though long my pilgrimage below,
When weary I'll be glad to go.
Father, mother and brother too;
To me they call—"We're waiting you!"

This world has been my place to learn.
For better things I often yearn.
I often gaze on earthly scenes;
I'm often mocked by passing dreams.

These earthly dreams are never true;
They hold big hopes for me and you.
But when we grasp some treasured dream
It vanishes, and is never seen.

There is a land beyond all dreams
With open eyes we'll see its scenes.
We shall awake no longer blind,
We'll leave false dreams then all behind.

A beautiful land awaits somewhere,
When we shall drop our load of care;
Then on we'll plod through dreamy years
To the land where there are no tears.

YOU NEED NOT ASK ME.

You need not ask me why I linger here,
Here on this stormy coast of time,
Where storms of fury ever beating
On this defenceless head of mine.

I shrink from Charon's silent rowing
Out on the still and pulseless sea,
Clinging to life like miser to his gold
Hoping he'll never call for me.

I linger here 'mid pain and pleasure,
Through sunny days and dark'ning night,
Dream out the mystery of the future,
With all the thrills of pure delight.

Ever clinging to this pulsing life,
Yet still unwilling to let go.
Facing every bounding, swelling wave
I stand steady to receive the blow.

'Tis life, 'tis life with all its pains—
I cling to it through every stress.
Closer, closer still I hug this shore,
Still thinking this poor life is best.

Oh, ye native hill and rugged shore
I fear thy storm but love thy calm!
On thee I would linger evermore,
Though but a frail and mortal man.

I GAZE ON THE HILLS.

Out on the hills I gaze today,
Out on the hills so grand and gay,
I stand and gaze with rapture long,
Uplifted high, so grand, so strong.
Out on the hills where soft winds blow,
Oh, come, my love, and let us go!
Come! let us climb the rugged steep,
And press the wilds with nimble feet!

Oh, let us go while sun's ashine!
Each peerless height with joy we'll climb,
Look down upon the deep below,
In summer's glorious ruddy glow.
There on the hills, each peerless height,
We'll gaze enraptured with delight,
And feel the rapture and the thrills
That's only felt upon the hills.

Oh, glorious hills! how fair, how grand!
Like mighty giants there you stand.
No thunderbolts can shake you down,
To mingle with the common ground.
In majesty you seem to rise
And mingle heaven with the skies.
The earth great billows heaved of old,
Then froze the stone giants we behold.

With crags uplifted, seem to rise,
And smite the face of topmost skies;
With heads erect, emblems of power,
Forever stand as at this hour!
Homeland of the rock and fronded pine,
So weird, so wild, so all sublime!
Bury me for my final rest
Where the bald eagle builds his nest.

THE POWER TO SEE.

I wish we had the power to see—
To see ourselves as others see.
I think I see, my sight is near;
When others look the vision's clear.

I look at self; the lens not true
Don't show as when I look at you.
On other ones it shows up right
Turn it on me—I lose my sight.

Ah, me! ah, me! I know I'm wrong;
My heart is true, if sight is gone.
Well may I blush to use my eye
When it's as plain as stars on high.

Some things it's best we do not see,
Sight might bring in great misery.
A wandering spirit has been mine,
'Tis just as well my light don't shine.

If all were written in a book,
I'd close my eyes—refuse to look.
'Twould waken sad, sad memory
'Tis just as well to let it be.

Oh, let me close my eyes again,
To hide a page so fraught with pain.
But, oh, alas! it leers at me,
And will to all eternity.

IN MOTHER DUST.

A weary one, I fain would rest
Upon my mother's loving breast.
Down in her dust I'll lay my head;
My friends will say, "Now he is dead."

In her dear arms I'll rest again
And never know a single pain;
Back to her dust these limbs must go,
So painless I shall never know.

I'll waste away—a skeleton—
No longer be a mortal one;
But dust and ashes will be left
And all my being there be cleft.

How weird! how long, oh! shall it be?
Will the earth hold what once was me?
How sad the theme on which I dwell,
I do not know, and it's as well.

I live, I die, I go to sleep.
What power there shall my dust keep!
Down in the silence of the grave,
Does some one stand my dust to save?

Say, shall I rise from Mother Earth?
And shall I have another birth?
And shall I live and love again?
It may be so, but it seems strange.

I strive, I long, and wish to see
What the beyond still holds for me.
Why should I fret? Why should I care?
I'm in a loving Father's care.

I BOWED JENNY HOME.

When going home the other night
The stars all winked and shone so bright;
For I had bowed Jenny home,
And we'd sipped honey all alone!
The brightness of her glorious eyes
They shone as stars up in the skies.
My soul was full of melody,
And I as happy as could be.

I dreamed I heard an angel's voice;
It thrilled my heart and I rejoiced.
The air was full of heaven's thrills;
The desert smiled and laughed the hills.
Sweet harmonies were all around,
And my glad feet scarce touched the ground,
For now I walked in paradise,
And call to witness all the skies.

Long I had worshipped at her shrine!
This night I asked her to be mine,
And she said "Yes," and oh, the bliss!
I sealed it with a holy kiss!
Now I am happy as can be;
The night winds now all laugh with me.
The stars above all seem to smile,
Love still remains a happy child.

Love's bow is bent; what wonders thrill!
Flies from his magic arrow still!
I look around with gladdened eyes,
And "Jenny's" writ on all the skies.

THE WORLD ROLLS ON.

The world rolls on—rolls on! rolls on!
And with it rolls the mighty throng.
We come, we go, in endless flow,
As in the times of long ago.

We roll to earth like helpless child,
Soon we are lost out in the wild.
We plod along, 'mid rain and snow,
Back to the dust we all must go.

Still rolling, rolling, rolling on,
Asleep amid the silent throng,
All heedless of the howling storm,
As silent as before we're born.

Bereft, left lying cold and chill,
With other sleepers on the hill.
Still this old earth goes rolling on,
Disturbing not the sleeping ones.

Oh, rolling world with rolling tide,
Is there no cave for me to hide?
And not to be tossed as on the sea—
Be tossed and tossed eternally!

I am a poor, lost, blinded man;
A-trembling on the tides I stand.
When stilled the heart-throbs of my breast,
Oh, cease to roll and give me rest.

MY DREAMS TODAY.

I sit and dream my dreams today
So silent and so lonely;
I dream and dream, forever dream,
Till dreaming seems quite holy.

The earth seems built on dreamy dreams—
The skies above us bending—
The hills and mountains lifted up,
And all the starry heavens.

The gliding days and flying years
Seem like the streams a-running,
And all the wonders that we see
Are dreams let loose and spinning.

The cattle of the hills and moors
Are but as dreams a-walking,
And as we gaze upon the scene,
We're dreaming as we're talking.

Bright stars look down with dreamy eyes,
Beyond our comprehending,
And send their searchlights to the world
Their light and love extending.

Asleep, awake, we're dreaming on,
The dreams of poor old nature,
And cannot tell bird, beast or man
From any other creature.

And still we go, hot-footed go—
The dreams of life still testing—
We never stop our dreaming dreams,
And never think of resting.

HAIL THE NEW YEAR.

All hail, all hail, the bright New Year!
All hail the youth with lusty cheer!
All love the smile upon his face—
He is so young and full of grace.
The Old Year's gone to his long home,
This youth is seated on his throne.
Come, take his hand, he's leader now!
There's high resolve stamped on his brow.

Takes all my friends under his care,
Leads on through all that's foul or fair.
He's tender to the weak and wan,
He leads along in love's own name.
What lies beyond is hid from us—
His friendly hand we all can trust—
To help us up the steepest hill
Then follow on with right good will.

He's tender to the young and gay,
For they so often lose their way.
If tenderness and love be thine,
He'll lead thee on through fleeting time.
He'll bless each one, he blesses all.
His hands are soft to all who call.
He'll hold for all a helping hand,
To every child and every man.

If in his arms we weaken, die,
He'll sing to us love's lullaby,
And over us his watches keep;
When life goes out rock us to sleep.
He now is king, and all bow down!
List! hear the new song through the town!
All hail, all hail the bright New Year!
The old is gone, the new is here.

THE KING WILL COME.

The King will come! The King will come!
In chariot all complete.
The King will come in grand array;
Prepare thy King to meet.
He tarries not; He's on the way
With justice in his hands,
And He will judge the sinful one
And every sinful man.

He's on the way with just rewards,
And with all healing balm.
He's on the way with love and law
To judge each humble man.
Oh, mortal man, He calls to you
With pleading, soothing voice.
He comes with pardon in his hands
To make the world rejoice.

To hungry ones that might starve here
He offers living bread.
He calls you up to life again—
Oh, mortal, lift your head!
"Come unto me, ye weary ones,
And I will give you rest;
And when the toils of life are o'er
I'll take you to my breast."

To life that all immortal is—
And there's no load of care,
There you shall lay your burdens down
'Mid fields eternal, fair.
The King will come; He tarries not,
His signs are in the skies;
And all shall hear his triumph ring
And see Him with their eyes.

THERE ARE JOYFUL VOICES.

There are joyful voices ringing,
When all this old world's singing.
All's vocal in old nature's calm,
We hear a holy, happy psalm.

Where'er blows the blessed breeze
Among the lofty oaken trees,
Among the leaves of mighty palms.
We hear the music of the psalms.

Where'er the running waters go,
We hear their music soft and low.
They're singing, singing as they glide,
O'er mossy beds they slip and slide.

The hills and valleys joined in one,
Oh, how they billow to the storm!
The rocks that guide the rills along
Are strings on which they vibrate song.

The oceans and the rivers swell,
Strange music to the wanderer tell.
We tremble as we hear their roar,
And glad our feet are on the shore.

And when the blessed rain comes down,
A-drumming on the solid ground,
It sets our feet a-dancing too,
So merry is the grand tattoo!

Then why not mortals rise and sing,
And set the world a merry ring!
'Twould be a help along the way,
And make all feel so glad and gay.

DAYS GO PAST.

Days go past with joy or sorrow,
We sadly wait but for the morrow.
The days go by beyond recall,
With hope we wait tomorrow's call.
All yesterdays are gone, are gone,
And days and days still follow on.
We sigh on for tomorrow still
With all its hopes, with all its thrill.

We want the joys of other days,
We'll risk the heat of sun's hot rays,
The days that pass are sweet to mind
But we must leave them all behind.
We sigh for days far out of reach;
We wish to know what they can teach.
Hope beckons on and waves her hand
To all the tribes of mortal man.

Days point to many a heaving mound
To many sleepers 'neath the ground.
Asleep in peace, free from sorrows,
The living crave all tomorrows.
Oh, give to us tomorrow's store
And we'll renew our youth once more.
Tomorrow is our only hope,
For this we through the darkness grope.

Tomorrow! oh, I sigh for thee,
In hope and prayer and agony
Tomorrow, how we cling to thee!
Tomorrow, shall it ever be?
Today, today! oh, days to be!
Tomorrow, shall we ever see?
I'm blind, I'm blind, I cannot see
What the tomorrow holds for me.

SAD ARE THE CRIES.

Sad are the cries that greet my ears
Through all the passing of the years!
There's grief and woe on every hand
In all the homes of this our land.
Bad laws got up by devils skilled
Against the home, what'er we willed.
They spread their nets in hellish glee
And laugh at our great agony.

Their secret arts, all born of hell,
The miseries of earth to swell;
Pretending this, pretending that,
All with the devil standing pat!
Bunko God's temples as they please,
And seem to do it all with ease.
How slow we mortals are to learn
We hardly know which way to turn.

We cast our children to the fires,
'Tis rum the devil still desires.
We reckon not with spirits lost,
And never stop to count the cost.
Oh, men, arise! vengeance is spread
Over the living and the dead!
'Twill quench the fires of the still
Which brews to please the devil's skill.

I WISH I WAS YOUNG.

Oh, I wish I was young again!
Like you so young and gay!
I'm sure that I would do my best
To steal your heart away.
Those sparkling eyes of yours, my dear,
Have power sure to win.
But, oh! my child must careful be,
To wound would be a sin.

Love's sharper than a sickle keen,
And makes a lasting wound
Despise ye not your lover lad,
Nor plunge him into gloom.
Your cheeks are fair as any rose,
Your're all a-thrill with life.
The king himself might even dare
To choose thee for a wife.

Your hair is like the raven's wing
With strands of silken thread.
Your steps are like a living queen
And poise thy queenly head.
You are not rich, yet oh, so rich
In all the wealth of youth!
No one in all the lands compare
Not even lovely Ruth!

HEROD.

Old Herod ruled in Bethlehem,
Pronounced by all a cruel man.
He sent his minions out to slay
The little babes on that sad day.
Poor Rachal mourned without relief,
And that old fox laughed at her grief.
Poor little babes were doomed to die;
The world still hears their helpless cry.

How is it with those that rule today?
The blood of babes still marks their way.
The little ones throughout our land
Beneath their sway are doomed and damned.
The vilest poison brewed of hell
'Tis now their legal right to sell—
Fills up the homes with fell dispair,
And joy can never enter there.

The light of joy dies in our homes
We see their doom; we hear their groans,
While darkness broods forever there—
Live without hope, die in despair.
Thousands to one that Herod slew,
Die by this long-protected brew.
We vote for men that send to slay
The little babes in this our day.

They do it with a smirk, a smile,
Nor lift their feet from off the child.
Protect the brewers and the bloats
In cutting little children's throats!
Oh, men! forbear this cruel wrong!
Have mercy on the child! You're strong!
And go not with the brewer man
Your neighbor's child to crush and damn.

HEAR, OH HEAVENS!

Hear, oh heavens! hear, oh earth!
Mother traveled gave me birth.
Born of spirit and of the man
A mystery of heaven's plan.

Yet I to nature slavish be
There are chains still binding me.
In compact round with life and death
Weighed to me is every breath.

A helpless child and then a man,
Fighting nature the best I can.
Often wounded and prone I lay.
Stern nature kills, it wins the day.

I fight in weakness, I must yield,
For nature stands to win the field.
When nature calls then I must go,
Whither I'm called, yes or no.

If I fight, it is all in vain.
Just like a warrior I'll be slain.
Must yield my life, give back my breath,
And go along with grinning Death.

If no weakling, but gifted strong,
Old nature calls for my death song,
And all the years he gives to men
Will all be taken back again.

And thus a slavish slave I be,
For soon he'll lay his hands on me.
Then back to nature I must go,
For nature seems to love me so.

YE STARS OF LIGHT.

Ye stars of light, forever shine
On this low darkened path of mine!
Though distant far, yet, oh! how near!
How oft my lonely path you cheer!

Like glitt'ring signs you guided me
Upon the land or on the sea;
And when the summer days are here,
You fill them all so full of cheer.

You gaze on all with gentle eye,
And glorify both earth and sky.
You seem to call us up and up,
And sweeten every earthly cup.

Oh, stars! If I could clasp and hold,
And with you through strange regions roll,
The Mighty One might nearer be,
And all thy wonders I might see.

Bright star, thy beam is on us still;
How oft we've felt thy magic thrill!
Oft gazing through a tear-dimmed eye,
We long for eagle's wings to fly.

Away! away! thy home to see!
To search for all thy mystery!
Our flight lit by thy burning light,
As we see visions of the night.

Oh, stars of light, shine on! shine on!
And lead us to our better home.
Send gentle light so full of cheer,
To every wandering traveler here.

I'LL TELL MY TALE.

I'll tell my tale to winds and gale,
To all that pity me.
To days that fly, to clouds of sky
Tell out my misery.
Sad is this life of bitter strife
My sword grows very dull
I strike and strike with mighty weight—
Thick is the warrior's skull.

My arm grows weak when foemen speak,
There's terror in his voice.
My sword I take his skull to break,
But life is still his choice.
No strength have I to win or die;
Can't break his stubborn will—
But still I'll fight with all my might—
And yet he's living still.

Oh, for the power for just one hour
The victory to gain.
I'll bear all wounds, all fearful wounds,
And suffer all death's pain.
Oh, weary fight, both day and night,
The battle still is on.
My arm grows weak, weary for sleep,
And wish a victory won.

To mortal man, as heaven's planned,
The fight is ever on.
But blow on blow the battles go,
But they are never won.
In weariness and feebleness
I stand with sword and shield.
Through all my youth I'll guard the truth,
And swear to never yield.

THERE WAS A BOY.

There was a boy I used to know,
Not many long, long years ago.
His hair was like the spinner's tow
He lived in joyous happy land,
With jolly boys on every hand,
And grew up strong as heaven planned.

Along with him a hearty crew,
The dearest ones he ever knew.
But where, oh, where is all that crew!
They're faded from his sight away,
He's very lonesome now today,
The world don't seem to be as gay.

He sits and muses o'er old friends,
The very best kind heaven sends.
He'll never see their like again.
Those dear old paths forsaken now,
The seal of them is on his brow,
And earth is not the same somehow.

That boy has slipt me long ago.
Where is he I'd like to know,
While I wander to and fro.
Oh, I remember him so well
His voice was like a silver bell,
In rare old mischief he'd excel.

THE THORN TREE.

In the upland and on the lawn
There grows a tree we call the thorn—
A rather low and rugged tree,
It's thorns so sharp say "Let me be."
It bears a blossom pure and white
Which glimmers in the darkest night,
Sheds a purfume beyond compare,
That fills with fragrance all the air.

It blossoms and lingers long in spring,
The little birds there nest and sing.
That thorns protect from larger foes
The little fellows seem to know.
Then when the blossoms fade and die,
When summer harvest is well nigh,
The purpling fruit doth then appear
And linger late into the year.

How oft we see its fiery red
All hung in clusters overhead!
And when the leaves are flown and gone,
Red cheeked berries hanging on.
A hearty plant in sun or shade—
No need to ask why they were made.
The little birds can tell you why,
All who its fragrance linger nigh.

Its thorns a castle for the birds;
There safe from hawk and trampling herds
They build their nests and make a home,
Amid its leaves and sweetest bloom.
If you would pluck its flowers sweet
You should be careful and discreet,
The sharpened spears will pierce your hand.
Then you the birds will understand.

THE NIGHT AT REST.

The heavy toil of day is done
Deep shades of night are coming on.
A quietude creeps o'er the land,
The hour of rest is now at hand.

The cooler winds begin to blow,
And wave the tall trees to and fro,
Like billows on a restless sea,
They moan and wail, and cry to me.

Low murmuring is all that's heard
Save the shrill note of some lone bird,
Like hooting owl or whippoorwill,
Out from the dell or some lone hill.

Night's lullabies hush all to rest,
And silence lies on nature's breast.
The moon and stars come out to see
How tranquil this old world can be.

And all breathe in one long sweet breath,
Deep as the sleep which some call death.
Thank God for beds to rest upon,
When wearied with the day that's gone.

WARM, HAZY DAY.

'Tis a warm, sunny, hazy day,
I'm content in the shade to lay.
There is a hum of busy bees
Among the green and leafy trees.
A-quiver in the hot sun beams,
Low murmur of the running streams,
Their gentle winds with gentle sweep
All seem to lull me into sleep.

I stretch and turn and close my eyes
To blinking brightness of the skies.
As everything is so unreal
I hardly know just how I feel.
I'm all borne down with lassitude;
I lay and gaze on solitude,
And everything seems to be dead—
My lazy body feels like lead.

So I just loll and gaze and gaze
Out into the simmering haze;
Too lazy to sit up or lay.
Let Father Time push time away.
Half sleep, half wake, no care at all!
The gentle shades around me fall.
Too dull to either think or dream
Through half-closed eyes gaze on the scene.

There's not a sound now to be heard
Save the twitter of some lone bird,
Which strives to raise songs from its breast.
It wakes me up; now I can hear
Low murmurs in the trees so near.
That woeful song that swells the trees,
When stirred up by the passing breeze.

HAIL OUR KING, THE HUMBLE MAN.

All hail our king, the humble man!
Among the princes he shall stand.
From the low depth he scaled the height,
With heaven's help and his own might.

He never stooped to baser things,
But like the eagle, on strong wings,
He made his home in cliff on high,
Close by the Gods that rule the sky.

The Gods all heard his humble prayer,
And he in tears was often there.
The angels came, assisted him,
And led him on to nobler things.

His earnest soul with zeal aflame
Wrote on his heart a hidden name;
The child of earth will bless his day,
Scrolled on Fame's page, ne'er pass away.

Bring out your drums and let them beat,
Through all the land and crowded street.
Let bugles blow o'er hill and dale!
With shouts let all the hero hail!

He'll live forever, never dies.
He is a nation's golden prize.
His life has been a fruitful tree
Humility the mystery.

IN SANER MOMENTS.

In saner moments I have thought
Of all the works and wonders wrought,
The miracles of raising dead,
When sick and lame leap from their bed.

Of all the mysteries of love,
Which brought the Gods down from above,
And suffering here for fellow man—
Is something I can't understand.

What wonders in this world are wrought!
Is blood that's shed all come to naught?
If Christ rose not there hangs a gloom
Over the garnished marble tomb.

But if he rose, the world can cry,
The soul of man shall never die;
Travail and pain have brought worlds hope,
The strength of Gods men can invoke.

He rose, he rose! He left the tomb,
And gave to earth a richer boon;
And now he has the power to save,
And snatch a victory from the grave.

Break, break! ye tombs! Your prison bars!
Behold the dazzling Bethlehem stars!
Cold granite rock with signets sealed—
Arm of the mighty Christ shall feel.

The Christ arose and so shall we;
Our grave a place of rest shall be.
Till morning, when the sun shall rise,
And He shall be as cloudless skies.

THE TREES.

How glorious are the trees that stand
Throughout the borders of our land!
So tall and slim uplifted high,
Appear like children of the sky.

When breezes blow just hear them talk.
They wave their heads and seem to walk.
In serried ranks they seem to go,
And wave their plumes all to and fro.

And as they move all murmuring
I cannot tell the song they sing;
A low sweet chant to nature's God,
As to his presence they all nod.

How stately, how supremely grand
Amid the rocks and hills they stand.
And seem to call to us below—
Come up to where the breezes blow!

Sure, some are brown and some are green,
But all add beauty to the scene
The birch, the oak, the maple tree,
All mingle there in harmony.

There feathered songster builds its nest,
And there the fallow deer finds rest,
They hold a world that's all their own
With woodland nympth and lonely gnome.

BE GENTLE, WATERS.

Be gentle, waters, in your flow;
My lover sleeps far down below.
He left my side and sailed away.
He never more will sail they say.

In hungry wave his ship went down
In grief and sorrow I am bound.
If grief would give him back to me,
That grief I'd give so free, so free.

This is a wretched fate of mine!
He was so winsome and so kind;
My heart is with him where he sleeps
Down in the ocean's cavern deep.

The mermaids there will comb his hair
And kiss his lips, so sweet and fair;
Yet I may never love again
While life and hope for me remain.

The few last words he spoke to me
Now thrill my soul with melody—
Spoke of a home of happy years;
In place of that it is hopeless tears.

My love is gone, I'm all alone,
I hug the shadows of a home.
If heaven had been kind to me,
I'd be asleep beneath the sea.

TAKE MY HAND.

Come, take my hand and let us go
Out where the trees in grandeur grow!
There in the tangle of the wild
We'll wander on in love, my child.

Out where the trees in grandeur grow!
On terrace high, in valley low;
Sweet spiced perfume is everywhere,
All mingling, floating in the air.

We'll listen to the hum of bees,
And loll beneath the shady trees,
Drink in the wonders of the wild,
In calm content, my blessed child.

There, hand in hand, through shady nook,
No odds how oft our path may crook.
'Tis pleasant here 'mid sober gloom
All hid away from heated noon.

The haw and thorn yield blossoms sweet,
The dogwood lights this dark retreat;
The woods are full of mystic sound;
The birds are gayly warbling round.

See shedding blossoms white as snow!
They cover up the ooze below;
And there's the fern, the feathery fern,
Guarding the sedge where'er we turn.

The woods are full of witchery!
What wonders here we daily see!
Strange secrets in its shadows creep—
The wild can all its secrets keep.

THE KING WILL COME.

The King will come to claim his own,
And take them to their long sought home,
From perils here that crowd the way.
With joy we'll hail the sweet glad day.

The King will come to claim his own,
To give to each a crown, a home.
We're on our way to meet the King,
And through the gates we'll enter in.

He cometh! Glory to His name!
For us He suffered wounds and pain.
The cross is past, His crown is on,
For us the victory is won.

The King has come, bright as the sun.
Eternal life for every one!
He braved the curse of death and sin
That we may freely enter in.

The King has come! We'll swell the song!
He bids us join the mighty throng.
From sin and death forever free,
Hail this our year of jubilee!

The King has come! It means a home,
A harp, a crown, a rest, a throne.
All tears be wiped from out our eyes.
Celestial days! sweet Paradise!

WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

When the sweet boon of life is passed,
And I go to my rest,
And I am hid from gaze of men,
And daisies grow on my breast.
When I shall sleep the silent sleep
With dear ones gone before,
And wake not at the coming morn
As I have done before.

We go to rest, we go to peace
When life's pulsing day is done;
No more to greet the coming day,
Or view the rising sun.
Play hide and seek with ghostly forms
That bide my dwelling place,
And cheer my mansion with the tribes
Of all the human race.

The gloom that hangs like curtains round
Shuts out the light of day;
All toil and grief forever gone,
And never pass my way.
My time is up, my race is run,
Grim Death has set his stakes,
And marked the spot where I must sleep
Till trump shall bid me wake.

OH, WHAT A SWEET SECRET.

Oh, what a sweet secret 'tis my Savior to know!
When troubles assail me and floods overflow
His arms will enfold me, my soul set aflame,
I plead without chiding to hear His sweet name.

His face was the fairest that ever was seen,
Far fairer than light or than any sunbeam.
He has girdled my life with love all divine
A Savior so lovely, I'm glad He is mine.

He cried, "Ho, to the weary, all that athirst!
Come drink at the fountain that's opened afresh."
I came and drank till my soul satisfied
In Jesus my Savior, for me He has died.

As I gaze on His brow so lofty, so fair.
See the mark of the thorns which still linger there,
Lo, I fall at His feet sobbing with grief,
To think of His sorrows to bring me relief.

He touched me so tender, he bid me rise.
"I am your redeemer and great sacrifice."
Then a wave of great bliss rolled over my soul.
I love Him, I thank Him for all He has told.

OUT ON THE HILLS.

Ninety and nine safe in the fold!
Out on the hills we hear a moan;
Out on the hills in sleet and cold,
Sick and weary, there's one alone.

In thoughtlessness it wandered far,
All helpless there amid the storm.
Above it shone the chilly stars
Its head lay pillowed on a stone.

The shepherd heard its plaintive cry,
And hastened quick to its relief,
Defying all the winds that fly,
And brought that dying one relief.

He bore it in his loving arms,
And laid it down within the fold,
And bid it fear no false alarms,
Within the gates of shining gold.

'Tis then I heard the ransomed chant
Loud echo round the mighty throne.
This was the burden of their song—
The shepherd now brings back his own.

A LITTLE FELLOW.

A little fellow on the floor,
A wee mite we all adore.
He's searching out for mysteries.
Oh, what wonders now he sees!
Bright twinkling eyes turned up to you
Dipped in heaven's brightest blue.
Just what is what he would be wise;
See the wonder in his eyes.

Could he talk, what would he say
You'll find out some future day.
He wants to know, and know it all,
If he is so wee and small.
What great mighty secrets lay before
The little one whom we adore?
If you can tell, oh, tell it me,
What will be his destiny?

The road is rough, the hills are steep.
There's stones to bruise his tender feet.
Then bear him up so tenderly
To a glorious destiny.
Oh, guide his feet and save the child,
With his innocence so mild.
All of the way till life is done—
May the nobler life be won.

POOR ME.

Poor me, poor me! I ride the wave,
Although I am not over brave.
Amid the waves, what can I do?
Dim are the skies of heaven's blue.

They roll, they swell, they ever cry—
"Master of life! Be ever nigh!"
The big waves roll, beat my canoe,
Amid these waves, what can I do?

Master of life! Oh, pity me!
As I sail on a boisterous sea.
Oh, guide me to some peaceful shore,
Where I can rest forever more.

The night is dark, so dark and drear
It fills my soul with dreadful fear.
When will the dawning morning come
To greet the rising of the sun?

Oh, doubting soul, sail on! sail on!
Soon stormy passage will be done,
A peaceful harbor waits for me
Poor sailor on a storm-tost sea.

ALL OUR WAYS.

All our ways are fraught with trials;
Rough the way to tender feet.
Thorns and thistles grow the highway,
And the hills are rough and steep,
Be ye not like lowing cattle,
Bending oft beneath the yoke,
See the heroes upward climbing!
All their help you can invoke.

Hear the voice of courage sounding,
Look above, and help implore!
Lo, from a height the cry triumphant,
Ever calling at your door.
Be not fearful, fight on bravely,
Though the battle rages fierce.
On to battle clothed with armor,
Which no lance can ever pierce.

What of toil and what of labor!
What of burdens which you bear!
In the conflict stand up bravely
With a heart to do or dare.
Bivouac tonight at Hopetown;
In the evening further on,
With your arms all burnished ready,
Sure the victory will be won.

I DREAM THE DAYS AWAY.

I sit and dream the days away,
Through happy hours long,
So when I wake to make the time
My day is nearly gone.

When first I woke the skies were clear;
In glory shone the sun,
Yet ere the evening shades had come
Dark clouds were rushing on.

In silent night I dreamed my dreams
In quiet hushaby.
But when I woke forget them all.
How precious moments fly!

How swift the days and years go on!
Soft footsteps give no sound.
For soon in quiet solitude
I'll sleep beneath the ground.

Shall I still dream those blessed dreams,
Those comforters of mine?
Be led along sweet tranquil paths
To dear old friends of mine?

My dream may end in that long sleep—
A sleep that hath no dream.
The lullabies of God's own love
Be as a quiet stream.

A dreamless sleep, a waking life!
'Tis anchor to the soul.
Beyond it all celestial years,
While age on age shall roll.

IF WE WERE NOT SO BLIND.

If you and I were not so blind
Then we might go some clime to find,
And leave our doubts and fears behind.
Some summer land that holds no fear,
There spend the swiftly flying year
Within that land, with friends to cheer.

A land that's full of sweetest gems,
And every one is a true friend,
With all our worries at an end.
Come let us go and tarry not,
Where friendly hands shall cover blot
Together there we'll cast our lot.

For even now I often dream
I'm in that land of pleasant scene,
And dreaming holy, happy dreams.
I could not go and leave you here,
Where oft our eyes are full of tears,
To wash away our earthly fears.

If you and I could only guess
How pleasant is that land of rest,
How we would hasten to be blest.
When in that future land of song
We'd never dream of doing wrong,
We'd doff our weakness and be strong.

Hail, land immortal! land of cheer!
We'd never wail the storms we fear,
But all our days be days of cheer.
Then hand in hand we'll travel on
With faces to that land of song,
Though journey's rough, 'twill not be long.

SUMMER DAYS COMING SOON.

Sweet summer days are coming soon,
The roses then will burst and bloom,
The cricket and the busy bee
Will come and sing their songs to me.

Oh, blessed days of summer time,
When everything looks so sublime!
The maple and the poplar trees
Shake their green glories in the breeze.

They wave their plumes! See how they nod,
As to the sway of mighty God!
As upward still they struggle, rise,
Still nearer, nearer, to the skies.

They sing their hymns in gentle wails
Along the wooded shady trails.
'Tis summer time now everywhere.
It's in the skies, it's in the air.

It's in the field, it's in the wood,
'Tis summer time and God is good.
He paints the tints upon the skies,
And bids the bow of promise rise.

The apple blooms now scent the air,
And shed their glories everywhere.
And every shrub and bush and tree,
May clap its hands in jubilee.

The chill of winter's past and gone,
Sweet summer time at last has come,
Fain I would go, barefooted boy,
To meet the summer time with joy.

Where once the chill of winter slept,
The ground was dark and cold and wet;
Now flowers rising from their tomb
In summer time in glory bloom.

A STORM CAME DOWN.

A storm came down upon the sea;
It shrieked and raved most terribly.
It heaved our ship, which rocked and rocked
And quivered at each heavy shock.

Great thunders raved along our track,
As if the world had gone to rack.
Fierce lightnings flashed to show our way,
Into the safe though distant bay.

The clouds hung low in darkest gloom,
As if the sea was one great tomb.
Oh, it was terrible to see
The waves in such an agony!

Ah, there was trouble on the deep;
I could not rest, I could not sleep,
For God and nature talked to me
Upon the swellings of the sea.

How grand and terrible the sea,
When waves roll high and winds are free!
When all the elements unite
To trouble day and terror night.

Oh, sea, be calm! Oh, sea, be calm!
For I am but a feeble man.
Thy terrors are too much for me.
Be calm, oh sea, be calm! be calm!

UNITED LET US SING.

Come! United let us sing
Of the City of our King,
Where the rivers softly flow,
In the palace of our King.
Fruits of life forever grow.
Listen to the songs they sing,
Through the ages far away
The old songs we sing today.

Here our songs all sink and die,
Never in that city high!
There we'll hear the new, new song!
There we'll see the mighty throng!
Men and angels there unite,
Singing, praying, day and night.
Free from care and free from sin,
What a song we all shall sing!

Far beyond our fondest dreams
We shall wander by the streams.
Mercy all our crosses bear,
Carries all our load of care.
What a wonderland for me!
'Tis the Land of Jubilee,
Where the gates stand open wide
And we all can go inside.

When the Jordan's past and gone,
We have gained the ransomed throng,
Where our weary feet shall rest
When the Master thinks it best.
Where the sun shall never rise,
When the army of the skies
All unite a song to sing
To the glory of our King.

APRIL SNOW.

When balmy days in April come,
We think old Winter's work is done,
Till all at once the sky's o'ercast,
And snow and rain begin to splash.

The dust which had begun to fly,
Which winds and sun had made to dry,
Now lay in heaps all black and blear
And looks so melancholy, drear.

Then comes a tumble of pure snow,
The cold north winds begin to blow.
Young Summer brushes flies away
And lets old Winter have his say.

Then we have mud and lots of ooze,
And everybody has the blues;
There's something we don't understand,
Why Summers are not better planned.

The snows of April or of May
Just seem to drive all joy away;
But it's a fact that all must know
We'll have to stand and let it snow.

SWELL, SWELL, YE WINDS.

Swell, swell, ye winds that fill my sails
And bear me on to destiny;
Sink down to calm, ye swelling waves
And let smooth seas my passage be.
Let seagulls sail on tireless wings,
Be constant as my sails that swell;
Be ever constant, oh, ye winds,
And bear me o'er the ocean's swell.

The future ever beckons on,
On, ever on, o'er waves and tides.
For soon all distance will be gone;
Safe in the harbor we shall ride.
The seagull then will fly away
(Nor linger on the banks of Dee)
Far out amid the ocean's spray,
And bring no message back to me.

There in those islands upward lift
Sweet spirits will around me sing.
There sweetest harmonies shall drift,
Both sea and land with music ring.
My sails shall shred and fly away,
The mighty waves shall smite the shore;
My keel shall rot within the bay
Sail rugged seas no more, no more!

Let some sweet upland be my home,
Where never rolls a restless sea.
No more like seagull shall I roam
In that sweet upland ever be.
There every wave in silence husht.
The sun of joy shall rise on me.
There ever free from sin's dark curse
Where swells the deeps of harmony.

BLEST BE THE DAY WE MET!

Blest be the day when we first met!
Its memory lingers sweetly yet.
With love we're bound in holy bands
Our lives entrusted to His hands.

Now many years have passed away,
With you I've traveled all the way.
When children came to share our lot
Our home became a hallowed spot.

The way sometimes a little rough,
Somehow we still had faith to trust.
The clouds that overhung our sky
With love and patience soon passed by.

The stars above still shed their light,
Strew on our path star-beams so bright.
The valleys and the hills we trod
Are leading up to faith in God.

How blest and peaceful all the way!
Blest be His name! I now can say:
Oh! blessed Christ! lead on, lead on!
Still be our guide till we get home.

These days will end as all days must;
We'll cling to thee in holy trust.
When toil is done, God bids us rest.
Still may we be supremely blest.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Methinks I can hear
My mother's prayer,
She whispers in the Great One's ear:
"Oh, God, keep my child
From ways that's wild,
From ways of sin,
Oh, keep his life all pure and clean.

"Dark, dark is his way,
His feet may stray
From Thee away.
Oh, Lord, keep near and guide his way.
He's a heedless boy,
Yet still my joy.
My child, my child!
May Thy way be his chiefest joy.

"When he follows Thee
'Tis joy to me.
I leave with Thee
To guide my child to love and Thee.
In the giddy maze
Of youthful ways
Still guide his steps
From sin's dark moor into Thy ways."

Her cries and her tears
The Great One hears,
Close to her child
Through all the wanderings of years.
My own mother's prayer
Fills all the air.
Her earnest plea
Rings in my ears, my mother's prayer.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

Oh, yes, I am a bumble bee,
I roam the prairies wild and free.
A gladiator with sharpened spear;
I make men tremble when I'm near.

As I rove the wide world over,
I suck nectar from red-cheeked clover,
If you insult or bother me
I will settle the score with thee.

I go buzzing through this old world,
As busy as any boy or girl.
I build my home and guard it well;
Just ask the farmer, he can tell.

Down in the ground I build and live,
Sup all the sweets this world can give.
'Tis there I rear my little babes,
And at their feet earth sweets are laid.

And I go buzzing, buzzing on
And every inch is filled with song.
Some people think I always sing—
'Tis but the humming of my wing.

When some rude one crosses my path,
And vexes me to cruel wrath,
Then I get up and go for him
And freely, freely use my sting.

If truth were known I do declare
That I can make a preacher swear.
At least get mad and say "Helen Blazes!"
And stand and rub in sad amaze.

GUIDE MY PEN.

Come, genius, come, and guide my pen
To speak the words that will help men!
That every thought that storms my brain
May help to lift the weak again.

Words are words, but rudely spoken
May drop on hearts well nigh broken.
Give me the words of lofty cheer
To whisper in discouraged ear.

Heavy hearts may linger near you,
Then speak to them the words so true;
Give them a hand of helpful love,
Like the bright day spring from above.

Dust and ashes will drift around,
Foul spirits stand lives to confound;
Cling to one who's great in power,
Gives strength to conquer every hour.

Write the words or be they spoken
To cheer poor hearts well-nigh broken.
Soft let them fall on listing ears,
Words with healing, big words of cheer.

Toil on, comrades; God is waiting.
Toilers shall not be forsaken.
Heaven above doth brightly shine,
He that watches is all divine.

ON TO BATTLE.

On to battle, ye brave men, now
Sound the tocsin on mountain's brow.
Don the armor and grasp the spear,
Victory will crown the coming year.

Gird every man that has no fear,
Gather the clans from far and near;
God is calling; to battle go,
And strike for him with steady blow.

Mid confusion or rolled in blood!
Fight the fight for truth and God!
Thy great commander bids thee on,
Until the victory is won.

No feeble arms can stay the tide,
The conflict rages far and wide.
To the brave all things will come,
Then storm the fort, fight on, fight on!

The fight will never be in vain;
Without the fight there'll be no gain.
If in fight thou fallest down,
Thou shall rise with prince's crown.

When the roll is called, the battle won,
Thy Chief shall say, "Well done, well done!"
And thou shalt go when conflict's won
Still marching with the conqueror's crown.

On to the conflict, all you brave,
The helpless look to you to save.
Die with armor on, sword in hand,
And for the good of fellowman.

LOVE IS COY.

Love is blessed, love is coy,
Pictured as a little boy,
Bow and arrow in his hand,
Greatest giant in the land.

Look for danger when he's round,
For love's victims must be found.
If he draws his gun on thee,
Then farewell to liberty.

In his cruel, reckless train,
Wails a host of wounded swain,
Pierced and wounded to the heart
By the little fellow's dart.

See the maiden, oh, so sweet!
See the lover at her feet!
How he writhes in arrow's pain!
If she smiles he stands again.

Hear her cry so broken hearted!
She and love, they now are parted.
Pierced and wounded unto death,
Sighing to her latest breath.

Oh! that cruel little boy,
With his arrow all so coy!
Wounding, piercing many hearts.
With his fiery, reckless darts.

Yet he is a winsome child,
'Tis his wish that all should smile.
Make two lives flow in one stream.
Make two lives a happy dream.

GRADUATES.

Oh, 'tis all over, tasks are all done!
We've had our days of toil and fun;
Now larger things before us lay.
As we go out to join the fray.

Ten thousand voices calling us
To toil for man—"In God to trust."
We're ready, eager for the fray.
We'll up and at it from this day.

Sweet days of fellowship are past.
Ho! for the harvest fields at last!
You count on us for we are in,
To do our best with brain and vim.

The world's in need of strong and brave,
We'll go and help to fight and save;
For all the days we've spent to learn
Give vigor to our feeble arms.

The world's in need; there's lots to do;
The task is great, we'll push it through.
Victory waiting and it will come
Sure as the morning brings the sun.

Success is for the hands that toil,
And they shall reap a glorious spoil.
Soon we shall go to silent halls
With gathered sheaves when Master calls.

The earthly praise we will not crave,
Let toil all count beyond the grave.
We'll do the best we can while here—
Fight out our fight without a fear.

The kind farewells we say today
Will cheer us often in the fray.
The sunny eyes we look into
Will help us push the battle through.

There's joyful, holy things in life,
There's wounds to heal, there's tears to wipe.
Then let us go with loving hands
And carrying healing to all lands.

We'll be true to pledges given
Then we shall meet in high heaven.
For all the way is laid with love,
All duties lead to courts above.

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

A song is born of sound or sight
On wings of winds that blow,
On drifting clouds in dripping rains
And fleecy, falling snow;
Out on the hills and mountains high
Where wave the piney trees;
Like stately armies on the march
They bend to passing breeze.

Or born of armies on the march,
Where booming cannons roar,
Amid the agonies of death
And floods of human gore;
Out on the waves of sweeping floods
Where angry waters rave;
Amid the wrecks of sinking ships
Where pile the watery graves.

Or born amid the peaceful walks
Of life's sweet lullabies,
Where happiness still reigns supreme,
And gentle are the skies;
And where the little babies wait
The warm and gentle kiss;
Their dimpled cheeks and feeble hands
How sadly we would miss.

And where the gentle maiden meets
Her noble lover boy,
With both their souls athrill with love
And life becomes a joy;
From every hill they rise in troops
And dance in darkest night,
And greet the bursting forth of day
With songs of pure delight.

Way on the mountain's pearly top
You'll hear the sound of song;
Fierce winds and rocks unite to swell
Its peans right along.
The lightnings flash! great thunders peal!
Leaping from hill to hill,
And break in terror everywhere
With great and mighty thrill.

The howl of winds, the falling rain,
Unite to swell the song,
And shake my door, tattoo my roof
For weary hours long.
Sure everything that hath a breath
Breathes forth the voice of song;
The deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame,
Unite to help along.

And all that is or is to be
Through ages yet to come,
Will help the poet write it out,
Ere yet the song is done.

I WAS HUNGRY.

I was hungry, oh, so hungry!
I wandered to your door.
There you fed me, oh, you fed me,
Till I could eat no more.

Your viands in profusion spread,
Words of cheer and friendliness.
So in the breaking of your bread,
You saved me from distress.

Your bounty urges me to speak,
Thanks for the bread you broke.
You placed new life within my reach,
Healed a heart well nigh broke.

Feeble and faint I sought your door,
When I had naught to pay.
A welcome found as oft before,
Thou bid'st me then to stay.

If my sad fate should ere be yours,
I hope a friend you'll find;
Meet such a friend as found in you,
Or someone that is kind.

OLD MARCH.

Old March is howling round again,
Just listen how he snores!
He's lifting everything that's loose,
And shaking all our doors.
He's lasht the trees in violent rage,
And shakes his snowy mane;
With rant and roar on nimble feet
Goes rushing o'er the plain.

He plucks the snow from frigid clouds
And throws it in your face,
As on he goes in whirling winds
And dances through all space.
When all his fury's spent in wrath,
Grows meek as any lamb,
Welcomes the sun in glorious skies,
And floods with joy the land.

Scarce have we doft our winter hat,
When he lets loose again,
And comes careening on the gale,
With snow, and sleet, and rain.
We're all mixed up and much perplext,
Don't know just what to wear,
Whether to dress for summer shine,
Or for his blast and blare.

Old March is here, we surely know
He's nipping at our ears.
And sends the cold and stinging pains,
Wrings from our eyes the tears.
We stamp our feet and clap our hands,
To keep each member warm,
Yet still in triumph on he goes,
Upon the wings of storm.

THE DAYS HAVE COME.

The days have come, the blessed days,
The days of Calvary,
When songs of triumph ring around
And they are sung to me.

These wayward feet have wandered far
To call for such a gift.
His offers free to even me
Though far away I drift.

His love is mine, his dearest love;
His cries, his dying groan.
He raised His body on the cross,
To lift me to a throne.

A crown of thorns, a purple robe,
In mockery put on.
And see, men kneel in mockery.
They smite and spit upon.

Then, oh! the cross, the heavy cross!
He carried it for me.
And they my Lord did crucify
And nail him to the tree.

And for this love, oh! Christ, my Lord,
Here at Thy feet I'll bow,
And if I cannot come aright,
In mercy show me how.

ON DISTANT HILLS.

On distant hills there lies my home,
The hills so rough and steep,
I cannot travel there alone,
With sore and blistered feet.

I look across the distant hills,
When darkness coming on.
The winds blow round me, cold and chill,
With moanings in their song.

Till some sweet angel, hovering near,
Speaks some endearing word,
Which falls like magic on my ear,
Culled from God's blessed word.

Lo, I am with you to the end
Of all things here below.
And I will be your constant friend
And naught shall overthrow.

Then I arise with rapturous thrill,
To press my journey on.
I see the shrinking of the hills,
And hear a wave of song.

With quick'ning steps I hasten on,
There's One that leadeth me;
For all my burdens He has borne,
And died to make me free.

MY FEEBLE WAY.

My feeble way I'm keeping on,
The feeblest of the throng.
My Father knows I am but flesh,
He bids me hobble on.

With cries and tears I'll travel on,
And smother down the doubt.
Oh, weary one, but trust in Me,
I put your foes to rout.

My God, Thy help I greatly need—
A steady help close by.
So when temptation overwhelms
That Thou wilt hear my cry.

Oh, brighten all my hope while here!
If Thou forsake me now,
Oh, give me help in tempted hours,
As on my knees I bow.

The mysteries of life unknown
To every mortal man;
Oh, God, in Thee and Thee alone
I'm trusting all I can.

How black the clouds that drift above!
How dark the mystery!
If we had not some light, oh, God,
In looking up to Thee.

We can but trust Thy mercies sure,
Like those that sleep the tomb;
Come bid our doubts all fly away
For we shall know all soon.

WHERE THE SEA DOGS HOWL.

Down where the sea dogs ever howl,
To the rock, and waving pine!
Where the big waves, snapping, snarling,
Through all the years of tide and time.

Through months and years still howling on;
Till the whole world aweary grows,
I cannot tell the reason why,
No earthly mortal ever knows.

Sometimes it breaks in tinkling tone,
As if to lull the hills to sleep;
Again in thunder's awful roars,
The swelling waves rise up and leap.

'Tis not for mortal man to say
Oh, hush thy ravings! waves, be still!
Why should you bellow to the pine,
And lash with fury the lone hill?

Why cannot you be still, oh, seas,
And kiss the gentle hills in peace?
If you're surcharged with swelling grief
Go seek old Neptune for relief.

Tell him to blow with gentle breath,
And not to ride thy tangled depth.
That you are weary with the clash,
And fain would stay to catch your breath.

Deep calls to deep! Waves howl and roar!
Thy sail a wreck far, far from shore;
Stout be the hearts of sailors brave,
Who in the deep will find a grave.

SOME TIME, SOME TIME,

Some time, some time a day will come,
This loosened tongue be stricken dumb,
This languid life will pass away.
Still I can hear some sweet hope say!

You yet shall range Elysian fields,
And taste the pleasure heaven yields—
The pleasure of immortal souls
Shall ever round and round you roll.

Anticipating still happier hours—
Immortal life, thy soul arouse!
No tented fields, no battle scars,
In peace's own land no dreaded wars.

The unison of song shall break
O'er waving palm and shining lake,
Where trees of life forever bloom—
No sullen death, no dreaded tomb.

The chains that bind to misery,
No more shall gall or bother me.
The King has come, He's in command,
I'm camping on Immanuel's land.

This is all mine, my Father's gift;
On stormy seas no longer drift.
All round me now His mansions rise,
Fair towering bulwarks of the skies.

HIS WORK IN GALILEE.

As the Master often told us,
As He toiled in Galilee,
If mortals sought repentance,
His glory they should see.

Opened up a way for us,
Offered salvation free;
Thus He taught his followers
In land of Galilee.

Sin demands a sacrifice—
He offers one so free;
Himself He freely offers,
The Man of Galilee.

Cruel death he put to flight!
Black deaths forever flee.
Sacrifice is all complete
By man of Galilee.

God's own son has conquered death,
Its darkened shadows flee.
Mighty songs shall swell His praise,
Thou Man of Galilee.

Angels sought to see it all—
See how the world's made free.
They could not tell, 'twas revealed
By Man of Galilee.

Dark Egyptian night is gone—
All its dark shadows flee;
Light breaks through the darkest clouds,
Through Him of Galilee.

THE HOLY CITY.

The holy city, built above,
Where every mansion's bright with love,
And songs of praise go ringing on,
Amid a mighty happy throng.

Sweet thrill of song! like tranquil fields,
Forever swell in melody;
A happy, peaceful, lovely land,
Where victor's crowned forever stand.

A wondrous scene, a wave of song,
Forever more goes ringing on;
There's joy and praise forever more;
No sin can ever reach that shore.

There all the weary pilgrims rest,
Within that land forever blest.
We leave on earth our load of care,
So glad that happiness to share.

Hark! to the chorus that they sing!
Will heaven's arches ring and ring?
How dear that land of promised rest,
Which weary feet have longed to press.

Oh, city of my God on high!
I love the shining starry sky,
All girt with joy and thrilling song,
Live while the ages roll along!

THE BONDS.

There's bonds! There's bonds that ever bind
The limbs of struggling human kind!
And when we struggle to be free,
Still stronger, tighter, these bonds be.

We, like blind Samson, tread the mill
And grind against our bitter will,
The sport of all our enemies,
While the good spirit ever grieves.

We struggle often to be free
But find how strong these bonds can be;
And thus we grind the weary day
Until we grind our lives away.

How sad the fate of all in bond!
They cry, "Oh, God! how long! how long?
Come, shake the chains from off each limb,
And bid our captured souls to sing."

Like Paul and Silas in the jail
  Oh, may our prayers like theirs prevail,
And may our captive souls go free
From all our bonds to worship Thee.

And may our beards of manhood grow
To give us strength to overthrow;
Serve Thee alone while we have breath,
And finally triumph o'er death.

WHEN LOVE FIRST TAUGHT.

When love first taught the holy art,
When mother hugged her babe to heart,
And answering kiss the sweet babe gave—
Then love enthroned forever saved.

When in the crowning days of youth
Love built her temples strong in truth,
Love gave to love itself, its all,
Thus has it been since Adam's fall.

When man and maid stand face to face,
They yield to love's redeeming grace;
With joy and love his life is laid
Down at the feet of a sweet maid.

When youth is gone the crowning years,
Bestirred by hope and haunting fears—
The crowning thought as we grow old,
Love seems to take a firmer hold.

The man all bent, with whit'ning hair,
Dreams his old dreams of maiden fair.
How sweet the dreams and after glow
A-thrills his soul! He loved her so!

WHY SHOULD WE?

Why should we ever snarl and snap,
As if by madness smitten?
Why should our words of sulphur smell,
When softer words are written?

Don't spit your venom in the air,
Just like a little kitten,
But when you have to speak or write,
Let it be something fitting.

When words of hate fly all around,
And oft by cowards written,
And roll them out without a thought
As senseless as the kitten,

Oh! let your voice be soft and low,
With words and tones so gentle.
Make them an index to your heart,
For love is ever gentle.

Let fools and those of baser sort
Throw in the brass and metal;
But gentle words you'll always find
All crooked ways will settle.

When big mouth speaks loud brawling out,
With billingsgate and rattle
Hogs will be hogs the whole world through,
Like any other cattle.

A cooing dove is best to hear,
And not the asses braying.
Deliver us from such as he!
Oh, let us all be praying!

The cruel hates of all the world,
So oft aflame with anger;
We see it in the maiden fair,
With eyes as bright as amber.

How quick it turns her lovely face
To image like to Satan;
And friends that love will fly away,
And she'll be left forsaken.

A GIRL WHO WENT FISHING.

A queer thing is that of fishing,
For a trial I was wishing.
A few of us went to the lake
To see how big a fish we'd take.
They handed me a line and hook;
The line so nice I coyly took.
Then I was handed a long worm,
But my! oh, my! how it did squirm!

It sent cold chills right up my back,
My, oh, my! I can't stand all that.
The rest looked on with many giggles
At my hot face and that worm wiggles.
All things ready, I cast my hook
Down in the depth of that there brook.
I waited patiently and long
For some fool fish to come along.

They said that when the fish did bite
To pull away with all my might.
I felt a bite! how I did grin!
Jerked hook out, it went round a limb,

Away up high, too high to reach.
I was so mad I lost my speech.
They asked how much that fish would weigh,
I just told them to go away.

And then I tried to climb that bush.
I could pull, there was none to push.
When I got up a little piece,
I thought that bush was made of grease.
I gave it up and called for help.
"We hear you, Miss, just help yourself."
By that time I was truly mad
And wished that men and fish were dead.

At last my Tom, my darling Tom,
Hove in sight, came whistling along.
As he looked up and saw my plight
He said, "I'll soon make that all right."
He climbed that bush with twinkling eye,
Untwined the line, made the limbs fly,
Then jumped down with a bow so sweet,
And laid that hook down at my feet.

So I quit fishing there alone,
Sat in the shade and fished for Tom.
I dropped shy bait into his brain,
Tried to catch him time and again.
I was not built to fish for men—
Tom said he would be my best friend.
I have of friends a whole brigade,
But fear I'll die a real old maid.

The only bite I got that day
Was by mosquitoes on their way.
They made me mad and made me sore—
Fishing for fish is just a bore.
I'll never go fishing again
It's all too risky—full of pain.
I'll bait no more for fish or friend,
But only for free-hearted men.

A STRUGGLE FOR HOME.

The sun was hot, the dust was deep,
As I still struggled up the steep.
My home still lay so far away,
Which I must reach ere close of day.

I trod the dells, mounted the hills.
I still toiled on with hope that thrills—
Toiled on, for I was going home,
And heeded not the dust and stone.

High hills I climbed. No time to rest!
The sun was sinking in the west,
Bid me to haste ere darkness fell
To reach my home in lover's dell.

It is a dear sequestered spot;
'Tis there kind heaven cast my lot.
It is my home, a royal nest,
There I can lay me down and rest.

Though comforts of my life be scant,
What blessed days I there have spent!
Love sits enthroned on wife and child—
There peace of heaven on me smile.

My home, my home! What blessed cheer
Comes over me when I draw near!
No gilded palace, hall or dome
Could fill my life as that dear home.

I'LL TRAVEL ON.

I'll travel on though weary and worn,
Turn my face to the beating storm.
As the days go by I'll travel on,
Though hopes are dim, the day be gone,
Let what will come, I'll travel on.

I must haste while the day is on,
For darkness comes at setting sun.
I'll gird my loins and hasten on.
Each day is girt with light for me,
My leader bids all darkness flee.

Bid me not stay, I must go on
Through gloom of clouds and beating storm;
Where hills be steep, still on and on.
Sweet joy awaits my journey's end,
There I shall greet my constant friend.

Come, grasp, my hand; we'll travel on!
We hold the promise of a crown,
If we still serve and follow on.
The offer's free, a stately home
To lodge with Christ upon a throne.

What a blest friend, such hopes to give!
To bless us too while here we live.
Our leader leads us on, still on.
Probation time will soon be gone,
With eagerness we'll travel on.

HANG ON.

The bulldog holds, the mongrels flee!
Oh, let it not be so with thee!
When you catch hold, hang on! hang on!
The only way true greatness won.

It may be hard to keep your hold,
But a stout heart will make you bold;
With all the strength of mind and brawn,
Take hold, my boy, hang on! hang on!

False friends may cry, let go! let go!
Turn round and grin, say no, say no!
You've a grip, I know it's strong,
By strength eternal still hang on.

Let others wink with many slurs,
Victory is near, I know it's yours.
The best peg to hang your hopes on
Is the resolve to just hang on.

Sometimes you'll feel like giving up;
Now you're full-grown, no longer pup;
Be worthy dog, both big and strong,
Just show your breed by hanging on.

In every path you travel life
There comes a time when there's some strife.
Take a new grip, it won't last long—
Sure you will win if you'll hang on.

Grip is good, hold fast is better,
By these axioms man's made better.
With all these facts before you gone,
Then grip, and hold fast, and hang on!

SO MANY LAUGHS.

This world's a merry place to live—
It has so many laughs to give.
The dainty birds strong winged to fly
All laugh at me with merry eye.

They wake me out of sleep at morn,
And chase the fly and wiggling worm;
Throw back their heads and laugh so gay,
Oh, saucy robin and blue jay!

Down in the swamps where I oft go,
The touchmenots lined up in a row;
The drooping flowers could secrets tell
When bursting with a laughing spell.

So when I touch them with my hand
They scatter seed all o'er the land,
And seem to do it all in glee,
And thus they turn the laugh on me.

The hollyhock, the tiger lily,
Look at me and laugh so silly.
They're sweet and good to look upon,
I'm glad they're all so full of fun.

There's bouncing Betsy and daffodils—
They bloom along our fronded hills.
Sweet lilies, too, both tall and trim.
I love to see the tulips grin.

And thousands more our lives beguile
There's William sweet and maiden smile,
All sweet and gay as gay can be.
I'm glad they grow to laugh at me.

SILAS C. SWALLOW, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE.

I sing a song both clear and strong,
To leader of our clan.
He stands today the head of all—
A stately, honest man.

He never bowed the knee to man,
He worships God alone;
And he's the one that we would have
To sit upon the throne.

Tall as the pine that crowns our hills,
With honest eagle eye;
Hate never rankled in his heart,
Nor yielded to a lie.

When enemies were camped around—
A fierce and howling pack—
He stood like hero in the fray,
Like Samson cleared the track.

The stamp of Lincoln on his brow,
The stamp of truth on heart,
Our leader calls us to the fray,
Brave still to act his part.

Strength of his arms he freely gives
To help the little child.
Dries mother's tears and bids her hope,
Yea, even learn to smile.

Dark prison doors would open up,
And those in chains go free.
The world in joy would shout and sing
The songs of jubilee.

No loafers then should kindle fires
That burn eternally.
The victims of his greed of gain
He'd end their misery.

A universal song breaks forth,
And thrills the world with song.
Our leader gives the word to march,
With girded armor on.

Stands in the storm like rooted oak,
As lightning cleaves the air.
The very one that we should put
In presidential chair.

The sick and weary world would rest,
And joy would come again.
The low down revelers of rum
Would hang their heads in shame.

Lo, now he cometh as the king,
His hands are full of peace.
For long the world surcharged with wrath,
But now there cometh ease.

BUBBLES.

Little boy at home with mammy,
He's the idol of his granny.
The old, original, barefoot boy,
All his life one round of joy,
Blowing bubbles.

And like a hero there he'll stand,
Pipe and stem held in his hand.
Puffs and blows, ne'er dreams of trouble,
Shouting, laughing with his bubble,
Busting bubbles.

Now see he's on his way to school,
And lingers not to play the fool;
Conning his lessons o'er and o'er,
As many boys have done before.
Dum them bubbles!

Soon his school-days all are ended,
Tasks and books have all surrendered.
This he hopes ends all his trouble,
Sadly he finds his cares are double.
Trouble bubbles!

On the rostrum stands like a man
A great speaker, he's in the van,
Seeking office, full of trouble,
Life looks brilliant, like the bubble.
Blowing bubbles.

He has fought life's battles bravely,
Fought and conquered bright and early;
This he hopes will end all trouble
While he looks, there bursts the bubble.
Bursted bubble.

Trembling he seeks his bed to die,
Knows that death is lingering nigh;
"Ready, death, come end my troubles!"
I am weary blowing bubbles—
Blowing bubbles.

COMMUNION DAY.

I spent an hour in God's house,
It was Communion day,
In memory of the Son of God
Who takes our sins away.
There kneeling at the altar low
They passed the bread and wine,
The emblems of a body pierced
For this poor soul of mine.

When on the cross our Savior hung
To take our sins away
Now we look back upon that scene—
In humbleness we pray.
There knelt the trembling man of age,
The little girl and boy;
It was a sight to gladden hearts,
And filled our souls with joy.

Soft hymns were sung and prayer was
breathed,
And all renewed their vows.
'Twas good to go, all kneeling there,
Aligned in saintly rows.
The memories of that fair day
Were grievous to be borne;
The heavy cross, the piercing nails,
And crown of plaited thorn.

It was a sacred hour indeed
For every one who tries;
When thinking of that long ago
Tears well might fill our eyes.
A braver heart than His ne'er beat
Upon this earthly sod.
'Tis there He shed His blood for us
To bring us back to God.

FREEDOM WOKE.

When Freedom woke from slumbering years,
And saw her children's scalding tears,
She took her trusty musket down
And drove all tyrants from the town.
She saw the slave, poor helpless man,
And to his rescue quickly ran;
She took the bird off mountain height
To lead her heroes in the fight.

Her humblest child a flag had made
With stars and stripes so cunning laid.
She wreathed the stars in field of blue
To light the bloody battles through.
This talisman lead on before
The cruel, horrid cannon's roar;
Beneath that flag men dared to die,
But left it waving in the sky.

The red, the white, the field of blue,
All blended with the heaven's hue,
And like the rainbow bended there
Cheered on the men to do and dare.
The old flintlock and blunderbus
Were in the fray to make a fuss;
This in old days when men were brave
And watched and fought our land to save.

'Twas thus strong men showed us the way—
The nation's pride until this day.
Their work is done, they're sleeping now,
With wreaths of fame upon each brow.
Go see the monuments that stand
Throughout the borders of our land,
And read the story which they tell,
And mark the fields on which they fell.

LITTLE LAD WITH SOFT BLUE EYES.

Dear little lad with soft blue eyes,
What do you read in starry skies?
What are the mysteries you read there?
The truth to me will you declare?

You dream of days when you're a man,
How on the height you mean to stand,
With purpose true, with heart aflame—
Make for yourself a mighty name.

Do dreams as you plod here below,
A forecast on the future throw?
Do stars above in heaven's blue
E'er speak and tell strange things to you?

You sit and con your A, B, C's,
Strive to tell life's mysteries;
Your days and nights pass as a dream—
All waiting for the coming scene.

I tell you, lad, you'll never know
What is in store for you below.
A single day, a single night,
May cast o'er you a dreadful blight.

Angels may come with hands laid bare,
May guide and guard you with great care;
The stars you read in skies so blue
May be a pathway lit for you.

Dear little lad, with soft blue eyes,
Keep your gaze on the starry skies.
Those stars of light, God lit for you;
Be true, my lad! be true! be true!

THE COMMON HERD.

He was just of the common herd,
Born in our village lonely lot;
He oft went dreaming through the day,
And loneliness he often sought.

He loved betimes to romp and play—
Forgot the hours as they sped—
As if all reason had flown far,
And left him daft without a head.

With eagerness he wished to know
Of all that passed before his eyes;
He turned and looked and looked again—
Unconscious thus was growing wise.

Naught could move him from his purpose
To plan and build was his desire;
Sometimes a burden hard to bear—
Yet success set his soul on fire.

Yet still he'd dig, and delve, and toil,
This was his bread and this his drink;
He knew if he should cease to row
The boat and he would surely sink.

Clear grit was his with sweaty brow,
He kept his hold upon the plow,
And ne'er looked back to ways he trod.
Upon the height we see him now.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED.

'Twas on a calm, bright, summer day,
A gallant ship once sailed away;
The sea was calm, the sky was blue,
And full of hope was all her crew.

The day had sped, at eventide
The swelling waves were hard to ride;
A storm was breaking on the deep—
Death's harvester was there to reap.

An awful night for men to be
Aboard a ship out on the sea;
The sailor dreamed of distant home
To which his ship would never come.

Vessel and men and all went down
And not a shred was ever found;
That ship lay deep at Misery's port—
The waves rolled on as if in sport.

In distant homes the candles burn
Still waiting for the ship's return;
They look across the sea in vain
They'll never see their friends again.

At Misery's port that ship will stay
Till earth and sea shall pass away;
The tragedy will be forgot,
The sails and timbers all will rot

The great deep sea will hold its own,
Its mysteries will ne'er be known;
It holds all secrets of the deeps
And lulls the sailor when he sleeps.

LONG IS THE LANE.

Long is the lane that has no end!
Lone is the man that has no friend!
Yet all must travel in that lane—
The old and young, the strong, the lame.
It changeth not, but ever on
Until the traveler's weary, worn.
There's no return to youth again—
There's no "repeat" to rack the brain.

When we start out we're young and gay,
And flowers sweet bloom on the way;
But by and by our limbs will ache,
Our highest hopes begin to break.
We follow on, but not so fast,
'Mid falling leaves and withered grass;
The summer's past—ere we can know —
We tread a pathway through the snow.

When summer tides are rolling on
We plod along with joy of song;
But soon the hills begin to steep,
And gritty stones do bruise our feet.
Yet hope still travels by our side
And through the nights will still abide.
When wearied out, then we would rest
And dream that we have done our best.

The lane seemed long-stretched out and out—
As if we still were young and stout.
We did not know where it would end,
But somewhere it must have a bend,
Where all our friends would disappear—
Leave each a lonely traveler here.
We each must walk some lane alone
Without assistance tramp the stones.

A MOTHER'S CRY.

In silent hours of midnight—
The world was all anod—
I heard a mother praying,
Her face turned up to God.

Great tears were gently falling
Down her wrinkled face.
She's living with a demon,
And so she prays for grace.

Her sobs and prayers are broken,
All is misery and woe,
Her husband is a drunkard,
She knows not what to do.

Pale children wrapt in slumber
Upon their humble bed,
They knew the nights of sorrow,
Oft wished that they were dead.

Their beds were hard and scanty
No pillows for their heads.
The brewers had their living
And they the horrid dregs.

A million voices sighing
Like sobs upon the wind;
A million children crying
Throughout this land of sin.

Oh, curse the still a-coiling
Around these helpless homes!
Help banish all their sorrows
And still the mother's moans.

THE LAND BEYOND.

Away beyond there is a land,
A restful home for weary band;
What it is like I cannot tell
But ages gone approve it well.

A blessed hope we all hold dear—
A blessed hope so full of cheer;
A land unseen by mortal eyes
A land beyond the starry sky.

Black clouds may rise and thunders roar
Ere we can reach that peaceful shore,
Yet it is yours and may be mine;
No mortal one is left behind.

Oh, mortal man, why need despair
'Neath all the cares we have while here?
There is a mansion all your own
Right 'neath the great Eternal throne.

The mystery I can't explain,
But God himself will make it plain.
Why will you doubt, oh, sluggish brain?
We'll never pass this way again.

Be of good cheer and lift thy head,
And live no more among the dead.
There is no death but many sleep,
No longer sow, no longer read.

They're wearied out and needs must sleep,
And drown their dreams so long and sweet;
Then go, ye doubts, and go, ye fears,
That cloud our path through all the years.

THE HAND THAT BUILDS.

There is a hand that builds and builds,
Along our vales and proudest hills;
Plants the seed and bids them grow
Till mighty trees wave to and fro.
And chestnut and the piney trees
Wave their tall plumes in passing breeze,
All builded up from nothingness
In all the robes of glory dressed.

It sets the corn in field awave,
Like serried hosts of marching braves.
With magic hand both night and day
It decks the trees in dresses gay.
It milks the ground to grow the grain,
That each may yield its like again.
It never rests, but builds and builds
The ripened fruits with hands of skill.

The wheat, the corn, the pear and plum—
All soon the reaping time will come.
When fruits are ripe on all the hills,
And crowd the bins and start the mills—
When all his fruits are canned and pressed
The weary hands of magic rest.
The leaves will die and strew the ground
And not a magic builder's found.

ISN'T IT FUNNY.

My! oh, my! now ain't it funny
You and I don't get chummy?
You're a brick and I'm the mortar—
Seems to me we had orter.
It's kind of pleasant—don't you see—
That you and I should agree?
You're just as sweet as you can be,
And what's the matter with me?

You're good company, so be I;
You are truthful; I can lie,
Hitched together, oh, what a team!
Nice as any Buster's dream.
I love you, dear, I'm sure I do,
And I like your daddy too.
Your mother is an angel sure,
If she don't point to the door.

Sure I love your mother's daughters,
Hope you'll give me pleasant quarters,
For I be kind of simpleton,
And need your love to lean upon.
There's but one I wish to chummy—
You're the one! oh, my honey!
You are a brick, I'm the mortar—
That is why we had orter.

Gently, gently, don't get angry
While broomstick's standing handy!
I'll surrender, oh, yes, I will.
I would like to be your Bill.
You will have me? My gracious me!
How I've longed this day to see.
Now you are mine for better or worse
I expect you'll find me a curse.

TWO TRAVELERS.

Two travelers together went—
Their days upon life's highways spent.
As best they could they plodded on,
Betimes in grief, betimes in song.
At last they came to parting ways:
"Which way?" one to the other says.
"I take the way that's pleasantest—
It seems to be the levelest."

"My friend, it's yours, just as you will.
I'll take this one and climb the hill."
They bid farewell and parted there,
As each his choice did thus declare.
The one that took the easy path
Plodded along with many a laugh,
Saying, "What a fool my brother is
To choose that rugged road of his!"

But by and by gloom gathered round,
As in the valley he was found.
Grim death was there and dimmed his eye,
In that lone valley doomed to die.
His way was blocked by pools and rocks.
He stumbled on and got hard knocks.
In agony he prayed for light,
As deeper, darker grew the night.

The other one toiled up the steeps,
Betimes he laughs, betimes he weeps.
With tired limbs and weary brains
At last the highest point he gains.
A glorious radiance fills the sky.
Blessings in rich profusion lie.
A heavenly choir receives him there,
And happiness his loved ones share.

RAINING.

'Tis raining, raining, on the hills,
It's raining daisies, daffodils.
The winds are sharp and rather cold,
But every drop holds wealth of gold.
'Tis raining apples, cherries, too.
The shapely pears and plums of blue.
They hold their cheeks to catch each drop,
That they may yield a plenteous crop.

'Tis raining, all the land to lave,
'Tis rain that lifts the wheat to wave;
Through it we reap the golden grain,
As all would starve without the rain.
'Tis raining! oh, the blessed rain!
It paints the green o'er all the plain;
It builds the tall and shapely tree,
And all its blessings scatters free.

The rain with sun makes things to grow,
And set the rivers all aflow.
It lays the dust, washes the air,
And makes all things so clean and fair.
'Tis raining now! The blessed rain!
Bid it to come again, again.
Without the rain all things would die
Beneath a brazen, burning sky.

WHEN NIGHT IS ON.

The shadows creep, the glimmer's on,
Another day its race has run.
Sun's slowly sinking in the west,
The feathered tribes are seeking rest.

The air is chill, the darkness creeps
Out o'er the hills, adown the street;
The eyes of day are closed to sleep,
And darkness o'er creation creeps.

The world seems hushed; I stop to hear
If danger lingers anywhere.
The night dews come on jaded feet—
Wake not the sleeper from his sleep.

For toiling men, God blest the night!
Shuts out the scenes of earthly strife,
And mother's songs are heard again,
While slumber hushes every pain.

The night is theirs and hope is theirs,
They whisper low their evening prayers,
And sleep the sleep of innocence.
This is the toiler's recompense.

The doors are shut, the children rest,
And sleep on mother nature's breast.
But soon the night will pass away
And sunshine wake another day.

CHARITY DANCE.

Heigho! diddle, diddle dee!
Get up a dance for charity!
This is a charity I love—
You get a dance, and loving hug.
Go hunt the sorrows of all men,
And we will surely dance for them.
We'll fee the man that works the bow,
And shake it down with heel and toe.

The louder calls poor charity,
The happier we will surely be.
We'll hug our partners all the night
And swing in charity's delight.
We love to mingle in the dance,
Through charity we have a chance.
Hop up and down as round we go,
At first the heel and then the toe.

Which we love best, 'tis hard to tell—
To hush it up would be as well.
So drop it now, on with the dance!
Just anything to get a chance!
Oh, charity! dear charity!
How good that you and I agree.
I love you well, you're honey sweet,
You put a tangle in our feet.

We will not plow, we will not sow,
We raise our crop with heel and toe.
We know that charity is good
It helps the hungry folks to food.
So hoe it down till morning light,
To dance for charity is right.
It proves a lure to many feet,
To dance to help the hungry eat.

MY FIRST LOVE.

Of the old schoolhouse long since gone
I wish to sing a truthful song.
A fair maid stole my heart away
In that long ago of yesterday.
To me she was the swetest maid
On whom my eyes were ever laid;
But brother, he was stricken too,
And loved her from her crown to shoe.

Oh, she was fair to look upon,
No wonder that my heart was gone.
An angel form, long waving hair,
A face supremely sweet and fair.
Her clothes were clean and fitted neat—
Black sparkling eyes, she looked so sweet.
Brother and she walked arm in arm.
I saw it all and felt the charm.

My passion I a secret kept,
And slyly in the night I wept,
Gave brother all the right of way,
And never had a word to say.
But school days soon had to end
I never saw dear Jane again.
Her noble look, her sweetest way,
Forever in my memory stay.

She was my first, my childhood love,
I hope we meet in heaven above.
Of all boy loves I ever met,
She still remains the sweetest yet.
She never knew my love was hers,
Yet how her name my memory stirs.
My secret love I've never told
Till years were past and I was old.

WHEN I'M ASLEEP.

When I'm asleep, face to the sky,
When I am sick and sure to die,
My eyes go blind, my pulses cease—
When weary "me" will be at peace.
Hush! hush ye winds that round me blow!
Still! still your sobs of grief and woe!
Weep not for me! my life I give!
But weep and wail for all who live.

The joy of life has long been mine,
Led by a hand that's all divine.
He made all burdens light for me,
So I can sing, "He leadeth me."
Life has been sweet, my friends were dear;
I'll travel on and leave them here.
Don not the garments of distress—
Your friend is dead, he findeth rest.

Drape not your rooms like dark'ning cloud,
Because I'm decked in my last shroud.
My sun has lingered long on high,
'Tis meant that I should sink and die.
This world was beautiful to me—
God gave me eyes so I could see.
I saw but could not understand—
I trust in Him, and take His hand.

But now I'll sleep and take my rest
When heaven deems the hour best.
Let my last sight be those I love;
I sleep below, but life's above.
I wait the sleepy, slumbering hour,
When Death shall yield his subtle power,
And lead me with his chilly hand
Into the long sought promised land.

WHAT WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

What a world without the children
With their cunning happy ways!
How they brighten up our households,
How they lengthen out our days!
Full of mischief, pranks so doubtful—
Here and there and everywhere—
Fighting time without a struggle—
How we love them, all so dear.

Eyes as bright as stars a-shining,
Careless of the ruling style;
Clothes a-jumble, never caring,
Just to make the angels smile.
Ever busy hunting mischief,
With a conscience void of guile.
Partly earthly, partly angel—
Want them with us all the while.

Bless the children, how I love them,
And their homely, happy ways!
Hope on earth to travel with them
To the end of all my days.
Soon sweet maiden, soon to manhood,
All these youths and maidens grow.
There's no one who'd wish to stop them—
We must grin and let them go.

WAKE FROM THY SLEEP.

Wake from thy sleep, oh, man of sin!
If you true happiness would win.
'Tis God that calls thee, come away!
His mercies free are yours today.

His love to you is now made known,
Sworn by Himself on His great throne.
He died that you might turn and live
All of his love Himself he gives.

You see your hopes all waste away,
Like Lot in terror flee away.
And see the fires fall from heaven,
The last call to sinners given.

Stay not where sinful pleasures grow,
True happiness you'll never know.
But make your home within the fold;
You'll find it richer far than gold.

Rise, mortal man, come haste away!
Far in the paths of sin you've strayed.
God calls to you, he calls today,
Rise, mortal man, 'tis time you prayed.

He calls aloud and pleads with you,
To your own self and God be true.
Ere vengeance falls, oh, come away!
Be reconciled to Christ today.

THE DOCTOR.

The doctor stands with many a pause,
Talks learnedly of nature's laws;
Will count your pulse, look at your tongue,
When this is done then you're undone.

We find out how much he knows is
Shown by his own diagnosis.
Then he will take your temperature,
And read it twice to make quite sure.

And then all helpless still he stands
And seems to think and folds his hands.
Which drug will fit the present case?
He makes a guess, and takes a brace.

Then he has done all he can do—
Must trust to luck to pull you through.
He can but hope to give you health,
Has not the power to give you wealth.

You take his pills and gulp his dope,
He charges steep for his grim joke.
You lie for days all racked by pain,
Then call the doctor in again.

The same old trick is waded through,
His every move is helping you!
You grin and bear—all things endure;
If you get well 'tis a faith cure.

The doctor, though an honest man,
All helpless at your bedside stands,
Your faith in him helps you the most,
And he is worth all that he costs.

TREASURES OF THE OAK.

I strive to hold the things of earth,
When winter days have come.
Like miser's their golden love
And mourn when it is gone.

Like the strong oak clings to its leaves
All loath to let them go;
Holds them as shield from winter's storms
When fierce the wild winds blow.

Rich treasures of the summer gone
They're curled up and dead.
They sing sweet music to the winds
Like harp-strings overhead.

Cling closely to the trembling oak,
Till budding greens appear,
And summer comes to us again—
We hail the glad New Year.

Then gather up a new supply
For future winter storms;
Repeat the miracle again
Through all the years to come.

Although its heart is stout and bold
It shrinks from winter's storm,
Still clinging to its faded leaves
Till fair young spring shall come.

Its sober dress is often seen
In drifting, piling snow,
Still adding splendor to the scene
Where winds of winter blow.

SOME TIME.

Some time in the dim future
When years have rolled away,
When tides and time have ended,
There comes a better day.

When toils and pain have ended,
Turmoil and war shall cease;
The Prince of Peace ascended
Brings us eternal peace.

When all the gall and wormwood
Is sweetened by His love,
The wounds of earth are healing
In Eden up above.

With loved ones circling round us,
With songs of lofty cheer,
We'll gather up the sweetness
We mined so much while here.

With palms all green and waving,
A happy, happy throng;
Our days go by in pleasure,
In that sweet land of song.

Oh, what a glorious meeting
Waits us across the way,
A life exalted greatly
In land of endless day.

My soul looks up exalting
Anticipates that day;
When we are safe in heaven
All trials passed away.

HOW MANY LITTLE CHILDREN.

See how many little children
All over this, our land,
Now who live in homes of darkness—
Eternally are damned.
They bear the marks of cruelty—
Live in a fiery hell—
Oh, won't you help to rescue them?
Bless homes in which they dwell.

It is the wine-cup's bitter fruit,
Curse of the homes today.
Oh, come and help us dash it down,
Oh, come without delay!
'Tis sour grapes the father eats,
The children's teeth are edged.
Come, help us take the fruit away,
For this our lives we'll pledge.

These putrid boils all o'er the land
Are breaking out afresh.
They're running sores where people go
And all their hopes are crushed.
Damned is the deed if we consent
These traps to set for man,
And hedge them in their pathway here
And they are caught and damned.

We see the happy homes bereft—
All pleasures fly away—
Hunger and wounds is their behest
Since father's gone astray.
Dear little hearts are dumb and sore,
They do not understand.
It is the deacon in the church—
'Tis by his vote they're damned.

COME, KISS ME, LOVE.

Come, kiss me, love; come kiss me now!
Leave thy impress upon my brow,
For thou hast made my life a joy—
The image of a winged boy.

I see thine eyes; they're bright and bold,
Clear as the light so I am told;
The strength within the little hand
Can slay the mightiest sons of man.

His daughters, too, all stand in awe
Of the dear, darling little boy;
Armed with thy arrows, little love,
Thy voice is like the turtle dove.

Still all conquering is thy sway,
The mighty at thy feet oft lay;
Yet not in cruelty or wrath
Thou leadest to a pleasant path.

Thy commission's from above,
And that is why we call thee love.
Thou art a conquerer known to fame,
And feel the magic of thy name.

Fair maiden's cheeks have flashed a flame
At the mention of thy dear name,
And fled away to secret prayer,
To brighten eyes and smooth their hair.

WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW.

When the sun sinks low
In the evening glow,
And night is coming on,
We'll gather round the fire's glow
And fill the hour with song.

Oh, its joy to be
So happy and free!
Fill up the flying hours,
While moonbeams touch the hills,
And glorify earth's bowers.

It's a joy to me
To look back and see
Hours once so full of glee.
The dear faces I love so
Brought happiness to me.

Fleeting years once mine—
Why should I repine?
They'll ne'er again be mine,
Still memories so sweet
Shall be to end of time.

Oh, come back again—
Soothe my tired brain!
Come, vision, once again,
Open my eyes that I may see
All seated round the fire again.

With fires aglow
And the candles too,
Cast shadows on the wall.
When I speak they seem to hear
And answer to my call.

WHEN WAVES ARE BEATING.

Lend a hand when waves are beating
All along the rocky shore;
Hear ye not the wind's loud howling?
Hear ye not the big waves roar?

Lend a hand when brother's struggling
Against the wave still rolling high;
Listen to his call so plaintive,
Listen to his woeful cry!

Lend a hand where fields are waving
Ready for the sickle keen;
Wake from slumber on to labor—
Do not linger in your dream.

Lend a hand the needy calling
When gaunt hunger pinches sore;
Go with bread to feed the hungry
Till the needy need no more.

Helpful hands extending ever
To all weary, struggling men;
Helpful with your hands forever,
With your gifts, your hand and pen.

Lend a hand when waves are beating,
All along the rocky shore;
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
Till the needy ask no more.

EDEN'S FRUITS HAVE WITHERED.

Eden's fruits on earth have withered,
Human lives are filled with pain;
Prophets cry, there comes a blessing,
When the Christ shall come to reign.

Hasten then, my Lord! oh, hasten!
Lo, we travel long in pain.
Still the sword at Eden flashing—
Give us Eden back again!

Lingering long in fields all gory,
Hear we oft the dying groan.
Come and still the wolves' loud howlings,
Give us back our Eden home!

Hear, oh, heaven, the cries of anguish,
Swelling up from all our streets;
See ye not the mark of demons
In the hordes we often meet?

Hear a mother's plaintive pleadings
For her wayward wandering son;
Wrings her hands in bitter anguish,
Since the cruel work is done.

Heaven pity all the wandering!
They have lost dear Eden's path.
Yet we know poor hearts are heavy
All in pity, not in wrath.

THE TEETOTALER'S SONG.

I am a teetotaler,
And such I'll always be.
A curse is sure to follow
A fellow on a spree!
His eyes get red and fiery—
He is a furious demon.
When he the bottle sips
A curse grows on his lips.

A curse to all who love him—
His mother and his wife.
Leads many weary days
And fills them full of strife.
A heavy load to carry—
A creature full of guile.
I wish the grave had opened
To take him when a child.

A reeling, staggering drunkard
He's better in his grave.
Oh, would the fates but teach him
Some little to behave.
I wish the bottle broken
Much more than I can tell,
And all the brewer's fixtures
Were burning up in hell.

Then many hearts would gladden
To know if this were so;
Their hearts no more would sadden—
No more be filled with woe.
There's sadness in the mansion
When bottles open up;
There's sadness in the hovel
Where rules the cursed cup.

LEAD ME ON.

Lead me on to where the sunrise
Scatters radiance all abroad;
Lead me on, oh, gentle angels,
In the footsteps of my God.

Lead me on, o'er hill and valley,
To the fountains flowing free;
Lead me up to height eternal,
Lead me to the crystal sea.

Lead me on when storms are beating
Hard on my defenceless head;
Lead me on when Satan rages,
Lead thou me and make me glad.

Lead me on when night grows darkest,
When I'm blind and cannot see;
Guard me from the world's temptations,
Lead me while I cling to Thee.

Lead me on, for weak and weary
I would perish on the way;
Lead me on through bitter waters,
Lead me on to perfect day.

Lead me on with fiery beacons
Blazing up to show the way;
Let dark clouds still roll around me
Keep my enemies at bay.

OUT IN THE WOODS.

Out in the woods wild nature stands
And spreads her banners o'er the lands.
There purling streams forever flow
To the rivers far down below.

There the wild bird builds its moss nest,
There cooling shadows call to rest.
Voice calls to voice through all the day
And goblins dance around and play.

There stand the tall and gallant trees,
There hum the droning busy bees;
And whispering leaves stirred by the winds
Breathe forth the sound of nature hymns.

The gaunt rocks lay so silent there—
The winds and rains have swept them bare.
Their very silence you may hear
When shadowy evening draweth near.

'Tis nature's home, so grand! so grand!
Where the tall trees around us stand;
Like plumes the oak lift arms and wave
As grim old warriors, stout and brave.

FAREWELL MAY!

Farewell May! but not forever.
Short the days we've been together.
We will not this year meet again
In this world of loss and pain.

You've been gentle altogether,
Now you're gone I know not whither.
Yet you were not gray nor old
Just a spring month, I've been told.

You have seen the dandelion,
You have seen wild duck flying,
And you have heard the turtle dove
Calling to his mate in love.

You have heard the tadpole singing,
You've heard loud voices ringing
From out the pond, and from the tree
You have heard sweet melody.

You have made young eyes more shining,
You have started vines to climbing,
But now your work on earth is done;
'Tis time another month begun.

You have seen the green buds swelling
All around your humble dwelling,
And you have kissed the frost away,
So June comes stepping in today.

OH, YEARS.

Oh, years! oh, years! the dear old years!
I love ye with your laughs and tears.
I linger o'er each fleeting day
And dream again the hours away.

Like sunshine on the fields of joy,
The blessed days when but a boy,
With boyish whims and boyish hope—
When life seemed one great jolly joke.

Then rainbows gemmed the skies above,
Then all the days were days of love;
The days seemed long, the sun moved slow,
And everything was on the go.

Some things were queer and strange to me—
The blooming rose and stately tree;
Their wonders I could not make out—
Planned by the Gods, without a doubt.

When but a child, a little child,
The Gods looked down on me and smiled.
There is a God, I know! I know!
Who makes the corn and wheat to grow.

My youth is gone, yet I can dream
O'er all the dear familiar scene,
And be a child for one sweet hour,
While lolling in sweet dreamland's bower.

IMMORTALITY.

When we have put immortality on—
Have joined with the angels
In rapture of song;
When toils are ended, judgment has come—
With all the Immortals
We'll go to our home.

Where glory is ours and paradise gained,
In heaven's bright portals
Forever to reign.
Rivers of pleasure flow over the plain—
There meet all the loved ones
In heaven again.

Where life lasts for aye, glories begin,
And joy is unending,
No wailing of sin.
Christ is the light, darkness shall flee,
No sickness or sorrow
Can reach you or me.

There's strength for the journey, we'll travel on
And never grow weary
Of prayer and song.
Glory is waiting, and soon will be there
A mansion in heaven
We each one shall share.

Our Master is calling, we will obey,
We'll haste on our journey
So peaceful the way.
Glory is waiting us over the way,
Oh, why should we tarry
Or stop by the way?

COMMUNE WITH ANGELS.

Oh, I have walked with angels,
They've led me by the hand,
They've kissed my lip so loving
According to command.
Oh, I have supped with angels—
On more than manna fed.
The oil of joy was broken
And poured upon my head.

Oh, I have talked with angels—
Communion all so sweet—
All heaven lay around us,
A carpet to our feet.
Oh, I have slept with angels
In dreaming pleasant dreams,
The heavens shone above us
In bright and glorious beams.

Oh, I have wept with angels
Over the tombs of love;
On pinions hovered o'er me,
In visits from above.
Oh, I have laughed with angels,
The tomb all empty lay—
The myrrh was all forgotten,
For love had stol'n away.

I had a feast with angels
And feed with swine no more.
My Father bid me welcome—
Bid me depart no more.
On angel's food I'm feasting,
And still I sigh for more.
My soul with hunger hasteth
To feast still more and more.

LAUGHTER.

The rippling laugh of little babe
Just thrills us through and through.
We feel it from the crown of head,
Down to the wiggling toe.
See here, my boy, laugh loud and long!
It is good medicine.
And if you cannot raise the laugh—
Spread out your face and grin.

Laugh, the echo of a good heart
With sweetness running o'er;
Purling stream for thirsty ones—
A ripple on the shore.
We hear a laugh, our troubles flee;
The face begins to shine
And ere we know what we're about
We're falling into line.

Malice or hate can't stand a laugh,
A laugh is far too strong;
No place for hate or malice dark
Where rings the laugh of song.
Then let the merry laugh go on
Like sunshine and the rain!
It lifts the soul to heights sublime,
It soothes both grief and pain.

How can a man with a long face
Stand by the laughing man?
He has to bow with stiffened grace,
And grin the best he can.
It drives the meanness out of him,
Makes him a better man.
Then laugh, my boy, make others laugh,
Raise all the laugh you can.

OH, PRESS ME NOT!

Oh, press me not my hopes to tell
While wandering here below.
I am so blind I cannot tell
What mercy will bestow.
I know I am beneath God's care,
And in His mercy I will dare
To face the coming storm.

Oh, ask me not if skies are clear
Bedecked with shining stars.
One thing I know—His voice I hear—
He calls me from afar.
Hope still is mine, the blessed hope
Which steers the world along.
Though I betimes in darkness grope
He hears my prayer and song.

It matters not if days go by
And tired feet get sore,
For I shall rest me by and by
On life's eternal shore.
The clouds that sail the summer sky
Will carry me some day,
Or He will give me wings to fly
From this dull life away.

My soul shall know the love that waits
When I a conquerer stand;
When mercy opens up the gates
Into Emanuel's land.
Methinks I hear the shouts that ring
Of martyrs gathered there;
Joined by the angels as they sing
In all those mansions there.

WHY SHOULD A BOY A-FISHING GO?

Why should a boy a-fishing go?
I ask you now, I'd like to know.
Why will he sit in blazing sun
So lazily, and call it fun?

He goes along with line and hook
To find some quiet, babbling brook.
He sits himself, in a long wait
For hungry fish to taste his bait.

A nibble soft, then there's a jerk!
The little fellow's now at work;
A little fish is sadly hurt,
The bait and hook have done the work.

Then like a conquerer he stands,
With wiggling fish within his hands;
He feels a thrill, a mighty thrill,
And quivers like the watery rill.

Ah, barefoot boy, with clothes awry,
Why this triumph in your eye?
Why gloat you o'er the dying fish?
Dream not you now of savory dish?

Fish on, my boy, your day will pass,
Your day of fishing will not last.
Go hunt the fish in silver streams,
In innocence dream boyhood dreams.

WINGS OF FLIGHT.

On wings of love my soul shall soar,
Far up the rugged steep,
And I shall list the angels' song;
My eyes forget to weep.

The clouds that race the stormy skies
Shall speed my upward way,
And I'll go up with Israel's tribes
To greet eternal day.

I hope my name is writ with theirs,
In God's own book above;
There I shall range the promised land—
Sail rivers of His love.

The winter storms may beat awhile,
The summer suns may burn,
But our God has sworn in love
That Israel shall return.

Oh, blessed days! those coming days
Of Israel's coming home,
To rest in God's eternal love
And never, never roam.

Come, tune your harps and timbrels too,
And make the hills to ring!
And thrill the shining stars above,
And songs of victory sing.

JULY WEATHER.

July is in a melting mood—
The mercury's climbing higher.
I really fear that I shall melt,
Like butter in the fire.

The sun is hot and hotter gets,
While scarce a breeze is blowing;
I wish I were in other lands
Where cooler winds were going.

The world is all a-sizzle here,
With not a wave of cooling;
I'm sure if I was on the job
I'd make it quit its fooling.

The frogs are croaking loud for rain,
The tadpoles limp and dying;
There is a bitter, sad refrain—
My very bones are frying.

Oh, send us rain! The fishes gasp;
The water's hot and hotter!
For, woe is me, I cannot live
In this hot, scalding water.

The very leaves are crinkling up,
All for the want of moisture,
And shorter, shorter is the grass
Out in the blazing pasture.

The farmer looks along the rows—
His corn is turning yellow—
Alas! his toil is all in vain,
I pity the old fellow.

BACK TO CHILDHOOD.

Back to childhood's blessed days,
Back to my mother's knee;
What a pleasure they ever hold,
How sweet their memory!
Back to the days of childhood!
Back to the days of yore!
Back to the hills and the valleys
Gladly I hast'n once more.

The sweet days of over yonder,
When skies were ever blue,
Way back to the days of wonder
When friends were ever true.
Then father was my king alone—
Yea, more than king to me,
No nobler king had ever ruled,
No kinder king could be.

Dear mother was my queenly queen,
She loved so tenderly.
Oh! how I loved my wildwood home
When nestled on her knee!
Back to the dear old days of yore
So gladly I would flee,
And dream the dear old dreams once more
With hallowed memory.

Old friends asleep, they wake no more
To fill my days with joy;
Some linger on to bless my soul
As when a little boy.
Old scenes arise in dark'ning night
And people my old home;
It never wanders from my sight,
No odds where I may roam.

GOD GIVES LIFE.

God gave me life—a life to live,
Yea, more than this He'll freely give—
Eternal years, a mighty throne,
A life unending, and a home.

Through mighty ages as they fly
I shall be guided by His eye.
More than a king, sure I shall be,
And all His grandeur I shall see.

Not all of life we're living here—
A nobler life is drawing near.
There's more than passing years to be,
There is a great Eternity.

'Tis not a death we're doomed to die
When pales the cheek and dims the eye.
The Master cries, Why wail and weep?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Some day He'll stand beside your grave
And prove to you His power to save;
Just as He did to Lazarus,
So will He do to all of us.

It seems our fate this life to yield;
But like the planted harvest field
We will spring up to life again.
All nature strives to make this plain.

WOULD YOU BLOOM?

Say, would you bloom as roses?
Then do as roses do—
Leave off the thorns that prickle,
And imitate their hue.

A thousand petals closing—
All kist by heaven's dew,
At morn their charms unfolding,
New beauties come to view.

They bow their heads in meekness,
Perfuming all the air;
Go sample all the sweetness
For you and all 'tis fair.

They're just as God has made them—
No other life they know.
They're sweet and very soulful,
And pure as whitest snow.

They bloom a life of sweetness—
A pleasure to the eye—
And when their season's over,
They bow their heads and die.

They never talk nor tattle,
But live upon the square.
Just still your tongue's glib rattle
And strive to be as fair.

If you would be like roses,
Then do as roses do—
Leave off the thorns that prickle
And strive to live as true.

INSOMNIA.

How oft, amid the silent night,
When gentle slumbers steal away,
We weary turn and pray for light—
In languor on our pillow lay.

We strive to coax the God of sleep
To lullaby our cares away;
We listen to the crickets peep,
And sigh for dawning of the day.

Our dreams grow weird and woeful too,
We toss our bodies to and fro.
We pray the Gods of slumberland,
And not a peaceful moment know.

We list the sighing winds without,
The stillness of the house we feel.
The very silence seems to shout,
And troubled senses seem to reel.

We long and sigh for sun to rise
And call us from the sleepy couch.
In vain we open dreamy eyes,
In vain we try to still our grouch.

Old memories a-jumble come—
It is no use the sheet to rip;
We feel our task a heavy one—
Insomnia has us in his grip.

GO HUNT THE WORLD.

Go hunt the world, ye spirits bold,
The secrets of its miseries tell;
And lift the vial its horrors hold,
And help quench the fires of hell.

Come, tell us why this world's a wreck,
Like broken ships out on the sea;
Why misery, that hellish pet
Will still torment both you and me!

Go to the homes of sordid care
And open the door of misery;
The ragged, hungry dying there—
To all who open their eyes to see.

Go where the solid stones are piled,
And chains embrace poor fellowman,
So like a lion in his cage—
And still their misery if you can.

Tell us who sowed the dragon's teeth
Where they could wound the helpless child;
Who gave to them that haggard look?
Who was it that their homes defiled?

Was it the brewer's boiling still?
'Twas rum that lit those hellish fires,
And snatched the bread from childish lips.
To kindle death's and hell's desires.

Go tell the world their hellish crimes,
Which fill the measure of their greed,
And bid us hope for better times,
Oh, haste and help each child in need.

A VISION.

Last night I had a vision
While slumbering on my bed.
I dreamed I heard the trumpets
And saw the rising dead.
The world was in commotion,
The tombs were crumbling down;
Commotion in the cities,
And all the region round.

The clouds were bright as sapphire—
Aglow with cherubims.
I heard the songs of angels,
Who flew on rapid wings.
The sun itself was stricken
Before such glory spread.
I saw the Babe of Bethel
And all the hosts He led.

An angel blew a trumpet—
Afloat on land and sea
And cried, "Time is ended!
God's people now are free!"
The Prince of Life was seated
Triumphant on a throne.
I saw the heavy laden—
He gave to each a home.

A mighty host was pressing
Their passage to the sky.
All hailed the mighty Saviour
Who even dared to die.
The wicked went a wailing
Who once despised the cross;
Now at the time of reaping
They knew just what it cost.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are sweet friendships which I hold,
I would not lose for all the gold
That was ever dug from richest mine;
I clasp and hold them ever mine.

There are dear friends who cross my path
That often make my soul to laugh;
I laugh for very joy to see
How dear old friends can really be.

The farewell word, 'tis hard to say,
I love them now, I love alway.
Living or dead their love is mine
Bright as the stars that ever shine.

They light the hills and valleys here,
Where life grows bitter, cold and sear.
I drift along through joy and grief—
Their memories oft bring relief.

Such friendships hold, they never fail,
They're mine along life's weary trail.
The brightest stars at evening glow,
The darkest hours their brightness show.

Go, hug your gold and rubies fair!
I wish not now such wealth to share.
Give me their love to ever hold—
'Tis sweeter far than all the gold.

THE SEA.

By the deep sea I'll make my home
Where I can hear its ceaseless moan,
And watch the waves as one by one
They splash and roar around my home.

There I will sit when days are bright
And gaze and wonder at the sight.
When day is done and night is on
Be lulled to sleep by its weird song.

It sings its songs to every age
It's stretched along on history's page.
How many ships, oh, restless sea,
Have gone where we will never see?

The men are gone, the ships are gone,
Yet still thy waves go rolling on.
Oft none is left to tell the tale
We can but listen to the wail.

Oh, wondrous sea! oh, mighty sea!
What mysteries are hid in thee!
Naught but the trump of Judgment Day
Can drag thy secrets all away.

A PILGRIM HERE.

A pilgrim here, with staff in hand,
I look across the stormy sea.
And wonder if that distant land
Will ever be a home for me.

Here storms beat upon my head,
I need a word of lofty cheer;
There comes to me on rolling waves
Those gentle words I love to hear.

"Lo, I am with you to the end,
Through all your fiery struggles here,
I'm constant, and I'll be your friend—
In all your troubles I'll be near."

Oh, pilgrim, heed the songs that ring
And swell along thy upward way,
And oft you'll hear the angels sing
A song to cheer thee on thy way.

DID THE STARS SING?

Did morning stars ere sing for joy
At dawning of the day?
Did song break forth when man was born
In that far yesterday?
Methinks I hear its echoes now
In promise speak to me—
All hail the stars, the mighty stars
First song of jubilee!

It mingled in creation's chimes
To cheer the hearts of men;
And then it woke again to cheer
The men of Bethlehem.
There angels caught the air first sung
By all the stars of light,
Again it rang o'er Judea's hills
One joyful Christmas night.

The angels choir on joyful wing
Brought the glad news to men—
"To you is born the Christ today
In town of Bethlehem."
This is the song we sing today—
It echoes evermore;
It breaks along the mountain's height
It reaches everywhere.

The singing stars took up the song
On that first Christmas morn;
Forever more it shall roll on—
"To you a Christ is born."
It glads the hearts of men below—
It thrills in every star—
The prophets, martyrs, all shall see
The triumph from afar!

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

The dreams of life, how sweet they are!
They wake fond memories.
Like winds that lift the rolling waves
Out on the great wide seas.

Old friends long lost stand in array,
Fill up the dreams of night;
We bid them hail with glad "ahoy!"
Ere dawns the morning light.

The lights and loves of other days
That we no longer see—
How oft they come in troops to us
Oh, let them come to me!

Old treasures thus we hold again
So bonny and so real;
We close our eyes to dream again
The blessed thrill to feel.

Come, dreamy night, awake the dead,
And let me clasp their hands!
Oh, bid them wake and come to me
From out the mystic lands.

WOMAN'S WEAPON.

Poor man must weep while women sweep—
The broom is their defence;
And man must buy the weapon too,
All at his own expense.

He thinks he's lord of all in view—
How quick he meets his doom!
When woman busy with her cares
Goes for him with the broom.

Look out, my boy, the fur will fly,
When broom goes whisking round.
A little woman with a broom
May weigh a thousand pound.

'Tis meet, my man, that now and then
You meet your Waterloo;
You'd think of Samson with that bone
When he so many slew.

The vast conceit that swells your head
You'll lay aside awhile,
And you will curse the day of brooms
While the old bachelors smile.

In this old world things even up—
Some warriors bite the grass.
You sleep and dream of other days
And sigh—alas! alas!

Give way to women with the broom—
Must fight, or run, or bust,
If she can't raise a bump on you
She'll surely raise a dust.

BIG I.

I hug myself! oh, my! oh, my!
There's none in town so big as I.
And every day I bigger grow,
I wish you all to see and know.

I'm nothing small—a great big U,
Just look and see if this's not true.
The little i's I never see
Because they're not as big as me.

I'm natural! I'm not a swell!
This is the honest truth I tell.
I'm big just like the towering oak,
And on this theme I never joke.

I stand first, there's none excel
In all the land here where I dwell.
I'm five foot six, and on the rise,
Soon I will comb the tow'ring skies.

Just to find room for me to grow
The starry skies were built too low.
If I should stretch I'd bump the stars,
And knock the stuffing out of Mars.

So just stand off and give me room,
And see me push aside the moon.
The earth and skies are far too small
To stand before a man so tall.

Jerusalem! how big I be!
Could hardly swim in all the sea.
I'd kick the waters all ashore,
And then the sea would be no more.

THE MAN OF JOKES.

I love the man of many jokes,
I love his fun and love his folks.
He stirs me up and shakes my bones,
It's better far than tears and groans.

He drives dull care far, far away,
And makes a mighty pleasant day;
Abroad, at home, it's all the same
I warm before his funny flame.

You may call it all drifting chaff,
But really, sir, I love to laugh;
It's medicine to my old frame—
And all my friends, they feel the same.

I bless the man that has the jokes—
I'm sure he's good to all his folks;
He does me good, quite well I know,
As I have often told you so.

Come, tell me now the best you know;
Dull care into the distance throw.
Come, let us have a merry time—
You tell me yours, I'll tell you mine.

And shake dull care from out the heart,
So you pitch in and make a start;
And let the laugh be loud and free,
For it is wholesome sure for me.

A BOY WITH BREECHES.

A little boy upon the street
Would measure up about two feet;
But he had little breeches on
And all his babyhood was gone.
His little feet went pit-a-pat—
Wore on his head his father's hat.
In innocence he looked around
The very biggest man in town.

It was just laughable to see
How big a little boy could be!
He ducked his head and blinked his eyes
For fear his head would bump the skies,
Reminding me of long ago
When I put on my togs of tow,
All checkered up and checkered down,
Yes, checkered all the way around.

The petticoats were gone from me,
And I felt big as I could be.
My father came, as fathers can,
And said I was a little man.
He laughed and shook from head to toe
Because his boy had altered so.
And then I felt so mighty big,
Arranged in that gorgeous rig.

It seems that day I can't forget,
It lingers in my memory yet.
My biggest triumph, my best day,
Though now my head is streaked with gray.
Then I was man—I wore the sign—
It was that toggery of mine
That lifted me to manhood's day.
God bless the breeches, still I pray.

MY STEED OF STEEL.

Away! away! my gentle steed,
At lightest touch he gives more speed.
And on he goes both heel and toe—
Swift as the winds that round us blow.
For every wheel is stout and strong,
As swift we still go rolling on.
His shield a-glitter in the sun
Oh, it is joy to see him run.

The way is smooth, the dust is dry;
See how he makes the latter fly!
My wind-shield stands so tremblingly,
Protects my eyes and company.
We hear low lullabies of song,
As we go rapidly along.
The hills far off like billows rise—
Seem like the distant, cloudy skies.

How swift the steed we ride today!
He is so sleek, so grand and gay.
He tramps the hills beneath his feet,
In spite of all the dust and heat.
Like aeroplane he swiftly flies—
To pass the birds he nobly tries.
Adown the vale and up the steep
We hear no clatter of his feet.

I hold the bridle in my hands
And every touch he understands.
My steely steed I now must name—
His strength is gasoline and flame—
His limbs are made of steel and brass.
We've found the iron horse at last.
He leaps the hills and speeds away,
The auto's the best horse today.

MY HAPPINESS IS ENDED.

My happiness is ended
And I am left in grief.
My confidence was splendid,
But it was all so brief.
My mind is all a-tangle
Of doubts and bitter fears.
We had a cruel wrangle—
I left her shedding tears.

My days are filled with sorrow,
My dreams unpleasant too;
I dread the coming morrow,
My heart is in a stew.
I sit here heavy-hearted,
Alas! the falling tears!
In bitterness we parted,
But for how many years!

I am so sad and lonely!
Her image will arise.
She was as good and comely
As angels in the skies.
Why should I live in sorrow?
My days are going by.
I'll seek her out tomorrow—
At least I'm going to try.

LONE AND DESOLATE.

I am so lone and desolate,
The skies all hang in gloom;
The one I love the dearest
Is sleeping in her tomb.

She was the queen of life to me,
The fairest of the fair;
All helpless I bemoan my fate,
As one that beats the air.

Brief was our loving here on earth,
My home is lonely now;
My lover sleeps the silent sleep,
Death's stamp is on her brow.

Our comradeship was very dear—
Big hopes of days to come.
The angel Death we did not fear
To shadow this, our home.

So cruel seems the way of Death
So desolate his path;
I sink, I fall, in helplessness
I lie beneath his wrath.

Her voice of love will come to me
Through all the dreams of life,
And sweet will be the memory
That she was once my wife.

With little babe upon her breast
She sleeps her restful sleep;
While I am all bereft of love,
And moan, and cry, and weep.

I'M BLIND.

I'm blind, I'm blind, and winter's here.
I cannot see the flowers bloom,
But feel the chill of winter's blare;
The summer child has sought its tomb.

Oh, for the magic gift and power
To lift that child to life again,
To live if but a single hour,
And deck with bloom this stricken plain.

I stand abreast of winds that freeze,
A chill that crinkles all the streams.
I see the bare and leafless trees,
And feel that summer's but a dream.

I look and look, still blind I be;
No child of summer's on the hills,
But ghostly forms stand mocking me,
And cruel winter grinds his chills.

Pale fingers cold still clutch my hands,
And lead me on my blinded way;
And I oft dream of other lands
Where summer's child still holds his sway.

Shall I e'er see the summer's sun
And see the flowers bloom again?
Oh, will that child some morning come
And plant sweet flowers on the plain?

Will I receive my sight to see
The beauties of those summer days?
Oh, it would be a joy to me
To hear the robins' roundalays.

OLD OCTOBER.

Old October! Chill October!
You have nipped the bright red clover,
And turned the world all upside down,
Played havoc in country and town.

Old October! Chill October!
You are tumbling beauties over.
You chill the pansies where they grew,
You have made us all feel blue.

Won't you stop awhile and listen?
See, your hoary locks all glisten!
All the vines are hanging down,
Since you straggled into town.

Leaves are falling, sadly dying,
In despair around us flying.
Stay October! stay thy hand!
Steal not the beauties of our land.

In the night we hear the blowing,
In the night we hear the groaning,
And when we wake your work is done—
See all the pinks and pansies gone.

O'er the green fields, far up the hill—
Thy hand of death is on us still.
All wane and dying lies the leaf,
And all lament a life so brief.

'Tis writ on nature, all must fall.
October gives the first sad call.
On frosty wings she comes flying—
All our treasures fading, dying.

WHISPERINGS IN THE AIR.

There is a whisper in the air,
Over the hills and lea;
It is the voice of winter's chill
Comes whispering to me.

The summer days are dying now,
The leaves begin to fade,
For, lo! the frost is out at night
Upon its deadly raid.

It blacks the flowers where they grow,
They die within its grasp;
All limp and lame it leaves the vines
Wherever it may pass.

It chases the robins from our homes,
The blue jay and the lark,
And tears the leaf from off the trees—
Leaves nothing but the bark.

The winds entangle all their limbs—
They seem to wail and cry,
And shiver in the chills that pass
Beneath the stormy sky.

Now all the dreamy summer's gone,
The call of death is here;
And all the days seem hung in gloom—
Dead leaves are everywhere.

I DEEM IT JOY.

I deem it joy that I should dream
Of days now past and gone—
Reach out my arms into the night
And gather joys to come.

Why should the stars refuse to shine?
Grow cold the burning sun?
The moon refuse to roll the tides,
When all my dreaming's done?

Will nature weave no more the vine?
Sweet gems forget to grow?
And everything in nature die!
Sure, I would like to know.

Shall all the winds die in their rush,
And stir the leaves no more?
Shall tides forget their wandering ways,
And beat no more the shore?

When all the woof of life is shed
From off the shuttled loom,
Shall all the dreamers cease to dream,
As my poor dreams are doomed?

Ah, no! ah, no! it cannot be!
The sun will still shine on,
The moon will ride the tides as now,
When all my dreams are gone.

WHAT A WONDER IS A BABY.

What a wonder is a baby,
With the mischief in his eye,
Where stays the merry twinkle,
And all the blue of sky!

What a wonder is a baby,
With the roses on his cheek!
Little tot, he's ever grasping
At the whiskers on your cheek.

Don't you wish you had a baby,
With his cackle and his crow?
Don't you sigh for just a baby?
Yes, you surely do, I know.

Full of fun and full of frolic,
Laughing all your cares away.
It would make your life so happy!
It would be the light of day!

Little fellow, all so helpless,
Softly sleeping on my knee;
Like an angel out of heaven,
You have slipt and come to me.

Little baby; hall or mansion
Glorifies it night and day.
What a wonder is our baby!
Hope it will not run away.

MY SUMMER DAYS.

My summer days are almost gone—
My journey here will not be long;
But I will neither fret nor pine
For all the future still is mine.

The past is past; I've had my day,
And it has been both glad and gay.
I've seen the best of things on earth,
I've had my sorrow and my mirth.

The years have gone in ceaseless flow;
I've had to stand and see them go.
They'll never more again be mine—
I never more will see my prime.

I've heard the thunders shake the sky,
I've seen great storms as they past by,
I've seen the winter's snow pile deep,
I've seen the grandeur of the steep.

I've seen the prairies stretch away,
Out where the wild beast spends his day.
I've rode the ocean wild and free,
I've gazed upon the mighty sea.

For mine has been a goodly land,
One which a Master Mind has planned.
My day is long as days may be,
Glad are mine eyes for all I see.

And I have lived on Easy street;
Had clothes to wear and food to eat.
Soon time for me will cease to roll;
May God have mercy on my soul!

DRIFT WE LONG.

Drift we long on ocean's swelling,
Be our passage foul or fair,
'Mid the dashing of its waters
Still we have a Father's care.

If the nights be dark and stormy
On the bosom of the deep,
There's an eye that never sleepeth
That will all our watches keep.

Let the winds their furies waken,
And the stars refuse to shine,
We can pray amid the tempest—
Father, hold this hand of mine.

Lend a hand, a harbor's waiting—
Our good ship is built for storms.
Night is passing, day is breaking,
We can smile at dread alarms.

There's a peaceful harbor waiting
Right beside a gentle sea,
And our friends are passing over;
Anchored there they wait for me.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! In the morning
When the troubled seas are gone,
When at port we drop the anchor,
At the dawning of the morn.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When Summer comes, the flowers bloom;
She calls them from cold winter's tomb.
So tenderly they lift their heads
From the green foliage of their beds.

When Summer called they heard her voice;
They raised their heads—with us rejoice;
They bloom and spread their beauties round,
And glorify the well-tilled ground.

They deck the hills, the lowly plain,
Kist by the sun and falling rain;
They sweeten and perfume the air,
And scatter beauty everywhere.

The rainbow's hue, the star's bright gem
Is glorified in all of them.
They beautify the spot they grow;
Their magic over all they throw.

Ho! Dear this earth without the rose!
How sweet the spot each flower grows!
But, ah! the frost! the horrid frost!
Comes flying down and they are lost.

OLD LEDGER.

My ledger here I con today
And mark the bums that never pay.
There's many men I trusted in—
But now I get the old bums' grin.
The charge is plain and very brief
'Longside of them I'll take the thief.
The thief may steal, there's no defence—
He does not steal my confidence.

My nature's to accommodate—
But how I hate a reprobate,
Who says "Tomorrow I will pay."
But this ledger ne'er sees the day.
My books are blotted now all o'er,
And these accounts are just a bore,
They lie and lie, are liars still—
They promise fair—will not fulfill.

How mean and low each shriveled soul!
Better be a poor blind mole,
And shrink away and hide one's head,
Than thus to steal their daily bread.
The scorn of all will follow them
Until they learn to grow up men.
How mean they are to take such tolls—
May God have mercy on their souls!

A bum's a bum! will ever be!
A thief a thief no worse than he!
Bums buy to cheat, they cheat to buy.
The thief takes his without a lie.
The bum must live a cruel lie,
Too mean to live, afraid to die.
Few be the tears to wet his grave.
Let it be writ, "Here sleeps a knave!"

I LAUGH.

I laugh and laugh for very joy,
For life is full of bliss;
Laugh thrills my heart as when a boy
I held my mother's kiss.
I laugh because my heart is gay,
As maiden sings of love.
I throw my cares out to the winds—
And she's my turtledove.

I laugh to see my own succeed
And all my neighbors too;
I laugh because the skies are bright
And all the heavens blue.
I laugh to grasp your hand in mine
And greet you once again,
I laugh along life's rugged way—
It's cooling to my brain.

I love to hear the merry laugh
Come rippling soft and sweet.
Oh, it is part of this life to me
And makes this earth more sweet.
So give your laughs and sunny smiles
To those you chance to meet.
It wakes you up to greet your friends,
Oh, laughing can't be beat!

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW..

A hundred years from now
Where shall I be?
Asleep beneath the sod,
Or rolling in the sea?
Mystery hangs over all
And storms beat on.
Such things'll not bother me
When I am gone.

A hundred years from now
I'll be forgot.
No one will call my name
And I will answer not.
My image like the leaves
Shall fade away,
And all on earth forget
My feeble day.

WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE CREEPING.

Down where the shadow's creeping,
Down where the waters flow,
Down where the fish are swimming—
I long once more to go.

Down where the ivy's clinging,
Down where the willows grow,
There would I gladly linger
By streams I used to know.

Down where the shadow's creeping,
And playing hide and seek,
I'd listen to the murmurs
Of the swiftly gliding creek.

When night would draw her curtains,
Then I would steal away.
The place grows all too solemn
For me to longer stay.

Down where the shadow's creeping,
Down where the willows grow,
Down where the waters murmur
How I would like to go.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

You were my friend, my loving friend,
But have become enstranged;
I cannot tell the reason why,
But oft I wish 'twas changed.

Once you could look on me and smile—
I called you then my boy;
But now your looks are cold and stern—
Leave not a ray of joy.

Give me the secret of those looks,
Tell me where I offend,
And I will plead my case with you
And claim you still a friend.

Come, dear one, tell me what is wrong—
Give me your confidence!
Sure I will make confession true,
And pay full recompense.

Come, gentle heart, and smile again,
'Tis manna to my soul!
Why should we dwell next door to hell
While heavens round us roll?

I WENT TO THE HILLS.

I went to the hills, far out of town,
To gaze on the fields all scattered round,
Where valleys roll and streams run by
And God's own trees are towering high.

I saw where farmers grow their wheat
In valleys low, far up the steep.
They sow in faith that it will grow
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

The farmer knew the blessed rain
Would give it all back to him again.
All wearied out he falls to sleep
And dreams again of the golden wheat.

He waits a day and an hour—
In vision saw the pure white flour
All hidden there in its husky shell
When the milky grain began to swell.

He dreamed of harvest which he should reap,
The golden store of the golden sheaf.
His heart grew glad as he counted o'er
The sheaves that held his golden store.

Back of the wheat lay the fruitful field,
And back of the fields lay the yearly yield,
Back of the yield the sun in its power,
And back of the sun the precious shower.

Back of the shower a hand unseen
Provided all in its living green.
Back of it all a God of power
All work together to make the flour.

GIVE ME.

Give me a league of sunshine
To float upon the stream;
Give me a mile of moonbeams
To shine all through my dream.
Give me the mountains rising
Far up toward the sky;
Give me the valleys lowly
To make the stars look high.

Give me a maiden lovely,
Of this my native land;
Give me the joy of riches
To gain the maiden's hand.
Give me of friends a thousand,
And smiles upon their lips;
Give me the hand of friendship—
A hand that never slips.

Give me the gift of loving
That loving I may be,
To hold each heart in friendship
And live so lovingly.
Give me dear friends, so loyal
To stand forever true—
Stand while the earth endureth—
Stand while the skies are blue.

A SWEET THOUGHT.

There's a sweet thought oft comes to me
When lamps are burning low,
That I shall see old friends again—
The friends I used to know.
They visit me in spirit now
When slumbering on my bed,
And then I see each smiling face
As if they were not dead.

I hear them laugh, those merry laughs
As in the days of yore;
They linger long and smile on me
Just as they did before.
What wakes them up I cannot tell,
Yet they will often come,
And tell the tales of other years,
When we were all at home.

We people here on earth oft dream
And meet some long lost love,
And spend an hour of holy bliss
With those that dwell above.
Heaven and earth lie very close—
We bridge them in our dreams—
So when we wake, we ponder long
To know just what it means.

The passing years still steal away
Our darling treasures here;
We hope to meet them all again
In better, brighter sphere.

DECLINING DAY.

The day was fast declining.
The harbinger of night—
The hills all tipped in glory,
With halos of the light.
The valleys were all creeping
Into the shadows dim;
They vanish like a vision
When darkness rushes in.

I heard the call of birdlings,
All helpless in their nest;
The mother bird a-flutter
Then drew them to her breast.
There is a calm in nature
The human soul can feel;
The shadows on the tree tops
All seemeth so unreal.

The katydid was singing
Her evening serenade,
The cricket joined the chorus
With tune of different grade,
Keeps up the hum of music
Of nature's holy hymns;
While darkness softly creeping
Among the tangled limbs.

There is a whirl of music
Wherever we might go;
We hear it in the thunders
And in the winds that blow;
It ringeth o'er the waters
Of all the mighty seas;
And vibrates on the ocean
The same old melodies.